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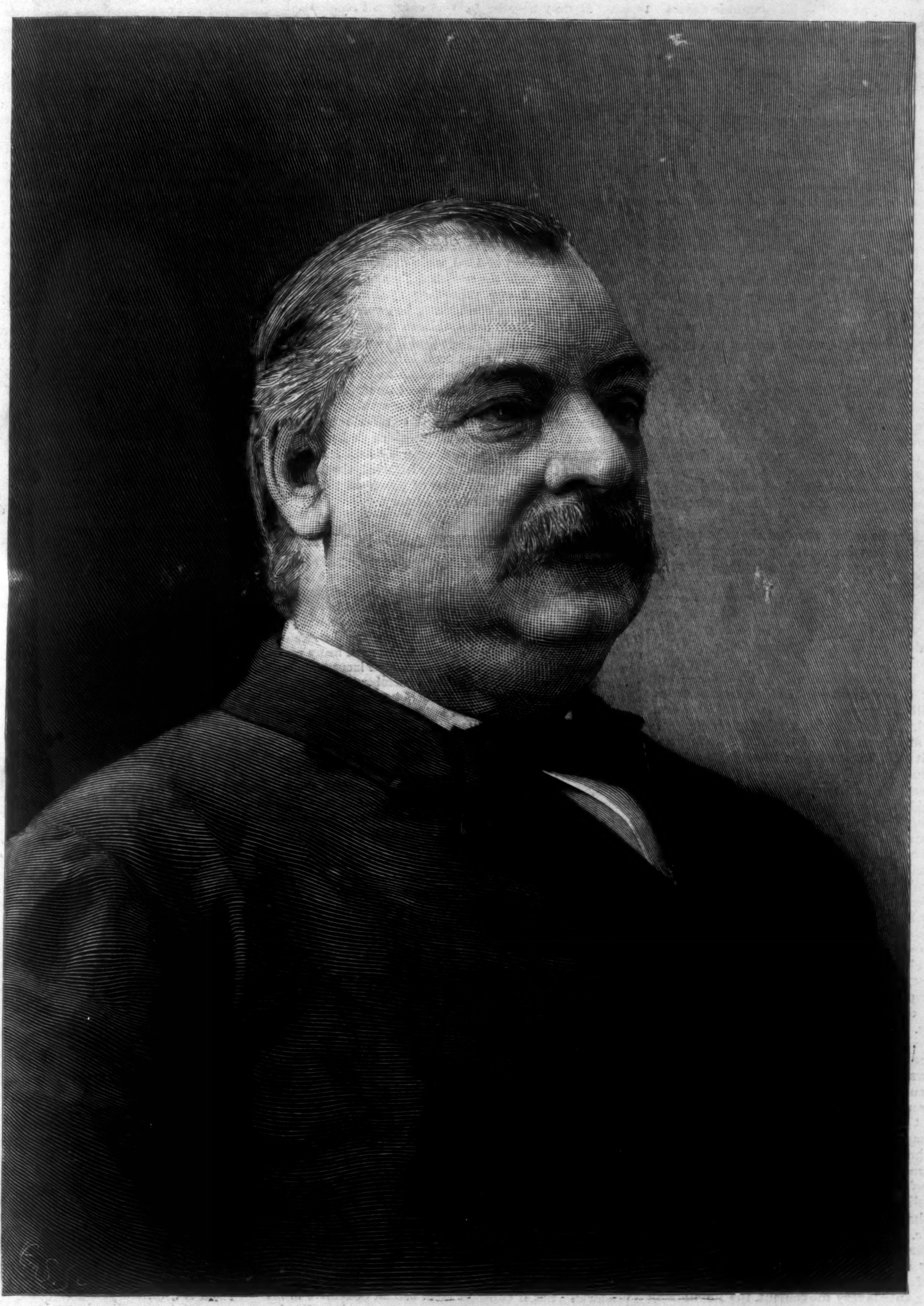

GROVER CLEVELAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE PROSPECT.

THE triumphant election of Mr. CLEVELAND to the Presidency inaugurates a new phase in American politics. The sweeping Democratic victory has been owing to a variety of causes, of which a strong reaction in the popular mind against the policy of high protection in its moral as well as its economic aspect was the most important. That reaction was not a thing of sudden growth. For many years there had been in the Republican ranks a profound dissatisfaction with the faithlessness of the party to its repeated promise to revise the tariff in the sense of a reduction of duties, and with its subserviency to the insatiable greed of the protected interests. That dissatisfaction was held in check partly by a sentimental attachment to a political companionship which had the prestige of glorious achievements in the past, and partly by the fear that a sudden and sweeping change in economic policy might cause serious disturbance to the business of the country. Only when the Republican party, under a reckless leadership, went to the extreme of protection madness in the MCKINLEY tariff, the discontent broke through its reserve, and manifested itself in an angry protest through the ballot-box—just as nearly forty years ago the abhorrence of slavery, long latent in the Northern mind, was called into action by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which opened to the ingress of slavery the Territories of the United States.

The great overthrow of the Republican party at the Congressional elections of 1890 was the immediate upshot of the enactment of the MCKINLEY tariff; and the recent Democratic victory in the Presidential contest has clearly demonstrated that the revulsion of 1890 was not a mere gust of wind which suddenly comes and as suddenly passes away, but the matured product of a serious and enduring current of popular opinion electrified into action by a daring defiance.

It may therefore be safely asserted that the policy of high protection has been finally condemned by clear, emphatic, and repeated popular disapproval. Even the most fanatical Republicans will recognize this verdict, and abandon all serious thought of continuing the struggle for the shattered idol. Many of them may still indulge in the hope that some economic trouble or some alarming folly of the Democratic party will enable them to recover the lost ground; but it is altogether probable—we may even say it is certain—that this generation of Americans will never again see anything like the MCKINLEY bill. Protection as a principle may still be advocated, and form part of the Republican programme, but it will be protection in so mild a form as not to offend anybody—a revenue tariff with incidental protection, but never again a protective tariff with incidental revenue.

The crushing defeat it has suffered has thrown the Republican party into a singularly precarious situation. The old issues that sprang from the civil war are disposed of and irretrievably gone. The high-tariff issue, upon which it staked its credit as well as its fortunes, has brought a disaster upon it which renders a new fight on the same lines hopeless. On that issue victory cannot be won with argument, and—to the honor of the American people be it said—the recent election has conclusively shown that victory cannot, in the long-run, be purchased with money. The principle underlying the "force bill," too, has been effectually eliminated from our political struggles. Thus the Republican party stands to-day in American politics without a positive programme, without a living policy. It may still proclaim its views and formulate its demands with regard to such subjects as the currency and the reform of the civil service, but on these points its declarations will not differ from those of the Democratic party. It has evidently lost the confidence of a majority of the American people, and for some time to come its promises will be discredited by the memory of its performances. It has lost its high position in the political life of this republic.

The new phase in American politics opened by the election of Mr. CLEVELAND may be summed up thus: Like the Federal party during the administrations of WASHINGTON and JOHN ADAMS, and like the Democratic party from the election of JEFFERSON to the victory of the antislavery movement, the Republican party was from the first election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN to our days what might be called the leading party of the period, because it embodied in itself, as the Federal and the Democratic parties had done in their times, the prevailing thought and aspiration of the popular mind. This the Republican party has ceased to do, and therefore it has ceased to be the leading party of the period. It has yielded that place to the new Democracy as represented by Mr. CLEVELAND, which, re-enforced as it is by the matured reform sentiment as well as the young intelligence of the country, is now to be regarded as being charged with the work of the time. The Republican party sinks down to the level of a mere opposition, to live mainly on the faults committed by the party in power. It will occupy a place in our politics very similar to that which was filled by the Whig party from the first election of General JACKSON to the year 1852. It will, indeed, not be led by men like CLAY and WEBSTER, but it has talent enough in its ranks to do valuable service as a critic. It may deter the party in power from wanton abuses of its ascendency. It may very efficiently promote reforms of high importance. It may also be able to carry a Presidential election again, as the Whig party twice succeeded in doing, but only as a temporary corrective, by way of episode—unless the Democrats in power show themselves utterly incapable of fulfilling the mission before them, and the Republicans then have courage and largeness of mind enough to throw overboard their old doctrines and aims, and to take the task of the period off the hands of their opponents.

It is not probable, however, that the Democrats under their present leadership will give them such a chance. The transition from the high protection policy to the revenue tariff will no doubt be managed with that circumspect prudence which so delicate a task demands. The movement in favor of the free coinage of silver may be regarded as practically dead. The repeal of the act of 1890, which rapidly increases the stock of silver in the national Treasury, and thus threatens to land our monetary system upon the silver basis, may more confidently be expected from a Democratic than from a Republican majority in Congress. In effecting the change that is becoming necessary with regard to the national banking system the Democrats will hardly be so foolish as to expose the country to the evils of a currency of uncertain value. And as to the civil service, the Democratic party as now constituted may be expected to offer much less resistance to the reformatory intentions and plans of Mr. CLEVELAND than it did during his first administration. If these conditions are fulfilled, the Democrats may look for a long lease of power as the leading party of this period of our history.

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS AND POLITICS.

IT would simplify the administration of the office of college president if it could be determined just what is the proper attitude of presidents of colleges toward matters political. Dr. ELIOT, of Harvard, has not hesitated in the late campaign, as in one or two that preceded it, to appear at political meetings and express his preference for the Democratic candidate. Thereby he has caused a good many gentlemen a good deal of dissatisfaction, and has incurred some pretty sharp censure. We do not remember, though, that any political act of his ever met with quite so much condemnation as has been visited on President PATTON, of Princeton, on grounds precisely the reverse. Dr. PATTON, being questioned as to his political preferences, replied that he was interested in theology and philosophy rather than politics, and did not propose to vote with either party. Whereat his contemporaries have rebuked him with a good deal of unanimity as a citizen lacking in public spirit, and have pointed out to him that the test of theologies and philosophies is the fruit they bear on earth, and that no one can expect to make a good pudding who does not stop now and then and taste it.

The exceptions that have been taken to Dr. PATTON's political obliviousness are sound, and we trust they will have their due effect on incipient college presidents and young ones just starting in the business. Beginners, though, who wish to start out cautiously, will be mindful of the proverbial safety of the middle course, and take care lest in avoiding Dr. PATTON's error they come in for a share of the censure that is visited upon Dr. ELIOT. The thing for them to do apparently is to have earnest political convictions, but to keep quiet about them, and to vote regularly, but with all the secrecy that the present ballot laws provide, that by so doing they may set to the youth under them an effective example of attention to political duties without prejudicing their impressionable young minds in favor of either party.

If there seems to be too strong a tinge of evasion about such a course as that, it still remains to be a college president in college and during office hours, and an independent citizen the rest of the time. An analogous course is open to clergymen, who are subject to the same sort of embarrassments; for the truth is that both college presidents and clergymen are *quasi* public servants, and are under the same sort of necessity as other public servants to be all things to all men, and nothing objectionable to any one. Sincere party preferences are respected in them, but from the sort of political activity which is known as "offensive partisanship" they are at least as much barred out as office-holders ought to be. A clergyman may be a moderate partisan and still be acceptable as a clergyman; a college president may be a moderate partisan and still be acceptable as a college president. But if either of them becomes offensive in his partisanship, he immediately becomes more or less offensive in his office also.

A good safe rule for a college president is to be partisan enough to have a good foreign mission offered to him when his party wins, but not enough to make his college too hot for him if his party loses. If he aspires to a cabinet office, he must be prepared to go to such lengths as to imperil the tenure of his pedagogical job; and it seems a pity to do that, unless his college is a small one. To our mind Dr. ELIOT's course is satisfactory, and is a fairly safe one to follow, though possibly a young president can maintain his political self-respect at somewhat less risk if he patterns his behavior after that of Mr. President Low, of Columbia.

THE CRUISER "CINCINNATI."

CRUISER No. 7 was launched last week from the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and christened *Cincinnati*. The ceremonies were imposing, notwithstanding the fact that they were held in a heavy rain-storm. Happy is the bride that the sun shines on is an old saying, and doubtless there is some kind of superstition in regard to ship-launchings and the weather, for sailor-men have omens for all occasions. But these new cruisers are, it is to be hoped, built so well and stanchly that they will prove superior to all superstitions, and able to withstand all winds and waves and stress of weather. A delegation came from Cincinnati to be present when the boat was launched, and Miss MOSBY, the daughter of the Mayor of the Ohio city, christened the new boat and poured upon her prow a bottle of native Ohio wine.

The *Cincinnati* is not a battle-ship, and will not be able to meet the heavy-armored vessels of other nations and exchange broadside for broadside. The intention of her designer, as with the other ships of her class, was to give her such speed that she would be able to keep out of the way of more formidable antagonists, and at the same time give her such a strong battery that she could prey on the commerce of an enemy. The improvements in heavy guns have necessitated a marked change in naval architecture. The big battle-ships need to be so heavily loaded with armor that they cannot be built upon lines conducive to speed. The modern merchant vessels can easily steam away from them, and these swift cruisers appear to be a necessity of the new conditions. But these new ships are but experiments at best, for there has been no naval warfare of consequence in which their effectiveness could be tested. But the United States must keep up with the national procession, and be prepared against any foreign encroachments.

When the civil war was ended there was no disposition to build new naval vessels, and in the course of a little while the American navy was inferior to that of many third-rate foreign powers. Not until Mr. CLEVELAND's administration was there any great effort made to place our navy on a modern footing. Mr. WHITNEY, Mr. CLEVELAND's able naval secretary, went to work with energy to build up a new navy. According to his plans these cruisers, together with several formidable battle-ships, have been built, and now our new ships, though few in number, rank with the best that are afloat. Some great war may demonstrate that these new ships are not as valuable as they seem to be, but, in that event, it is to be hoped that the tests will be made by boats of similar types in other navies than our own. The United States is less likely to have to engage in any considerable war than any other of the great powers of the world, but still it is the course of wisdom and prudence to be prepared against the unforeseen.

THE REVOLT OF A PRODIGY.

THAT celebrated vessel, the Rev. Mr. Chadband, once tried to "improve an occasion" by uttering certain lines of unknown authorship, which have since become famous from his quotation of them. He said,

> "O running stream of sparkling joy,
> To be a soaring human boy!"

Therein did this pious man speak a greater truth than he meant to. There is no created thing quite so healthily human as a boy, when let alone. No other being has such capacity for having fun. He runs over with life, and if allowed to "soar" in his own way, his flight is loftier than the eagle's. He is unhampered by any traditions but those of the story-books; his foot is free and his mind afire. His is the splendid irresponsibility of a human being unburnt by experience. He is a happily foolish little god, knowing good and fearless of evil, nerved and thrilling with the growing sense of power to compel the world. He takes things simply, and thus believing in universal honesty, he has a strong weapon against those who do things craftily and with roundabout wisdom. The boy is the prince of an undiscovered world. He would go climbing, riding, adventuring, sailing beyond uttermost seas, and discover everything for himself. This is his natural and healthy attitude.

Nothing more monstrous and indefensible than a boy "prodigy" can be conceived. The infant prodigy, of either sex, from Miss Ninetta Crummles down to the infant heroes and heroines of this realistic day, is an affront to nature and to childhood. The wonderful excitement of the life behind the footlights burns up fiercely in the receptive mind of a child, and it burns out the more quickly. Healthy childhood hates paint and pasteboard castles, hates shams of all kinds, because it has not learned the worldly necessity for pretending. And all the make-believes that go to form the life of the "prodigy" grow to seem the greatest foolishness to the childish instincts striving back to nature and simplicity. The child likes to play at this game while it is new; after it has become an old story, it is as irksome as any stupid old toy with whose insides he is perfectly familiar. And because he is a child and not a man, the required self-restraint and daily drill in pretending weigh upon him so much the more heavily.

There is a certain young lad who has gained much renown as a boy prodigy in music. This child's performances upon the piano have rivalled those of distinguished adult musicians, and he has given many concerts in many cities, with the result of affording qualified pleasure to big audiences, and of making great and gratifying sums of money for his parents, who have acted as his managers with cheerful content. This boy was said to be about twelve years old when he first came to America, some three years ago. He has been chased about the world as a boy prodigy ever since. He has appeared in child's knee-breeches and wide rolling collars; he has been compelled to wear his hair in long curls; he has been posed eternally. His extraordinary musical genius has been so wrapped up in the pretence of babyhood that any man who recalls his own boyhood can understand the dreary disgust which must have grown up and choked the boyish nature, which was probably as healthy and vigorous in him as in any other lad of his years. He has been robbed of the flower of his childhood, and not so much in the name of art as of dollars. He has had no days of his own for running afield, or fishing, or bird's-nesting, or finding out the strange things that hide in the woods, or getting his feet wet in the brook, or fighting his playmates, or doing anything which other boys of his age are wont to do. He has had no playmates—no peers; he has been shut up in an exhausted receiver; he must always be a prodigy—never a boy.

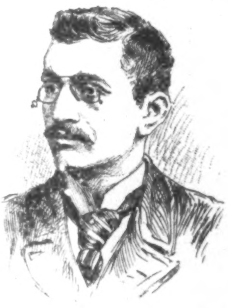
And now a story comes by the cable to the effect that the boy prodigy has got tired of it all, and has run away from his torment. The truth of the story has been questioned; even if it had been wholly disproved, the circumstances are such that it ought to be true, for the honor of boyhood. It is told that the youngster disappeared from the town in Wales where he had been living—and "practising"—and after a while turned up as a stowaway on a vessel which arrived at Calcutta. The boy said that he had visited the ship while she lay at Cardiff, and that suddenly he had determined to see the world for himself. He knew it was a wide world, and pleasant. He had travelled, but had never seen it; he had always been kept in a cage like a marmoset or a young bear, and had been made to dance every night. He would go sailing away from the accursed velvet knee-breeches and from the ladies who came and kissed him—a boy fifteen years old! —and patted his burning cheeks, and smoothed his shameful curls; and from the large German gentlemen with beards who felt of his head, and exclaimed over him, and expected him to look at life as they did, and thought Mozart and Handel greater men than Christopher Columbus and Captain William Kidd. He would go away on this ship to India, where the very names of towns were stories, where the streets and temples were heaped with gold and emeralds and rubies, where there were strange people and strange gods, where piano concerts were not, and where wild tigers were to be seen even by a boy who used to be a prodigy before he got free.

On board ship he pulled ropes and cleaned brasses, like a sailor. After landing in India he visited several cities, and when his money gave out, he turned his musical proficiency to serve his heart's desire. He gave concerts, and with the money he earned he went somewhere else, and spent his money nobly, like a traveller and a boy with eyes in his head, and legs to walk with. The story leaves him in India, going wherever he took a fancy, and inviting his soul.

The London correspondent, who thought proper to comment on the news when he sent it over, drew the amazing inference that the boy's mind had given way under pressure of overwork, assuming the monstrous proposition that he was crazy because he ran away to sea to escape from his curls and knee-breeches. Of all the indignities heaped upon him, this is the worst and most fatuous. Shall a boy be called mad because, after years of unnatural restriction, he gave food to his starving boyish life? It was the sanest thing he ever did. His father can never pose him as a boy prodigy again. He has shown that he knows more than that. He has shown that he is a human boy, and has the making of a man in him.

A NEW CHESS-MASTER.

The results of the play during the term of Herr Lasker's engagement at the Manhattan Chess Club of this city would not of themselves, perhaps, be a conclusive proof of the young German's title to the rank of a great master in the "royal game." They are sufficient, however, to show that he is a player of remarkable skill. Out of twenty-four games, against eight of the strongest players of the club, he won twenty-one, lost two, and drew one. Of the three games each played against him, Mr. A. B. Hodges scored one, Dr. Simonson one, and Mr. Delmar secured one draw. But if this performance alone does not of necessity stamp him as a master, Herr Lasker's European record is brilliant enough to entitle him to a place among the two or three foremost living players. He has won all the tournaments he has entered during the past year; he has beaten Mr. Blackburne, who is about the strongest player in England, by five straight games to one draw in a set match; he has won a tournament from Blackburne, Mason, Bird, and Gunsberg; and last, but certainly not least, he has beaten the best German players, with one exception, in a decisive manner. Herr Tarrasch, M. Tschigorin, and Mr. Steinitz are, we believe, the only players of the first rank whom the young champion has not met and fairly vanquished. This is a wonderful record, and certainly justifies a high estimate of the ability of the man who has made it.


Herr Lasker.

Herr Lasker's style of play shows that he belongs rather to what is called the modern school than to the school of Morphy, of which M. Tschigorin is now probably the best living example. In other words, he trusts rather to the accumulation of small advantages than to any sudden and decisive *coup*. His pawn play is exceptionally strong, and his end games are models in their way. Given a knight against an opposing bishop, with equal pawns, and Herr Lasker will win where most players, even of high rank, would secure only a draw. He plays to win, and plays like a professional. He is generally cool, apparently almost to the point of indifference, never loses his head, seldom makes a slip. Chess-playing is his business, and to it he devotes all his powers.

In view of his youth—for he is not yet twenty-four years old—and his rapid rise from obscurity to the rank of a chess star of the first magnitude, Herr Lasker is sometimes compared with that phenomenon Paul Morphy, who carried everything before him over the board a generation ago. It is idle to discuss the question whether he could have held his own with Morphy if the latter were now alive. The brilliant American never met a player like Lasker, and it is pretty safe to say that the German has never yet met a player like Morphy. Notwithstanding all the research that has been devoted to the game of chess, mastery of it is not so much a matter of hard study and constant practice as of individual genius.

It is to be hoped that during his stay in this country a match may be arranged between Herr Lasker and Mr. Steinitz; and if the rather precarious health of the latter will permit it, such a meeting will no doubt take place. At all events, the visit of the young German master will enhance the popular interest in chess, and will lead to a more general cultivation of this noblest of all games of intellectual skill.

THE WASTEFULNESS OF LATE HOURS.

If it is good for one who lives in the country to go early to bed, why not for him and her who live in the city? If the man or woman upon whose nervous system the day makes very little demand lives the longer for long nights of rest, why will not health and youthful vigor linger with the denizen of the city who, in the vernacular of the town, is "on the jump" all day?

The "smart" set of the metropolis lacks reasonableness. The wise medium which the Greeks taught is not in the philosophy of the most fashionable people of this commercial city. We call it commercial for a purpose. The men who dance and dine, who wait upon the opera as a duty and sup afterwards for pleasure, the "owls" of the clubs, the midnight spendthrifts of their physical and nervous resources—most of these in this country are business men. If they go to bed at three in the morning, they must nevertheless be down-town at eight or nine. They go about their business with laggard steps and worn-out nerves. Is it any wonder that so many are unsuccessful, and are financial failures, until they marry the fortunes made by more prudent and better Americans of an earlier generation?

American women are very beautiful and charming. They know more and talk better than any other women in the world, except their sisters of France. This class and that has been called the only American aristocracy, and there is truth underlying the claim of each. The tramp is an aristocrat because he is an idler. The college boy is an aristocrat because he has much leisure for sport. The army and navy officers are aristocrats because they are the permanent representatives of the government. But, after all, the woman of fashion is the finest and most charming aristocrat in the country. If any one can sit up late and have plenty of leisure to sleep away the crowfeet of fatigue, it is she, and yet even she has no right to tempt the fates after the manner of the British maid and matron. She has more to do. The demands of our complex society upon the women of the country are greater and more exacting than those made upon the feminine members of a monarchical aristocracy. The American woman of fashion is usually pretty nearly tired enough when she begins to dress for dinner. Besides, with all due respect to our cousins on the other side of the water, we do not care to have her exactly like the English woman.

All this is apropos of a new club designed to furnish pleasure, entertainment, and supper to its members after the theatres are out. Unsatiated beings are to be provided with an excuse for "keeping it up" far into the morning, Occasional sittings up are bad enough, but when early morning bedtime becomes chronic in this city, it will be bad for our youth of both sexes.

The people of this country who advance its civilization come out of the sober ranks of those whose recreations, like their vocations, are calm and healthful. We receive no good, but much harm, from the feverish social life of the towns. Everything that offers foreign dissipation is to be discountenanced. For the men and women of this country a long night's sleep is best. No one should be permitted to live on his nerves whose life is worth a groat to his fellow-beings, and there ought to be few in this republic whose value is not greater than that.

COUNTRY LIVING AND THINKING.

The fashion of country life is growing apace in the Eastern and Middle States, and it and its accompaniments, social and otherwise, are among the most rational and wholesome of modern fashions.

In the days of our fathers the rich merchants of New York, inspired by Washington Irving's literature and by the masterpieces of the "Hudson River School," built their ornamental summer homes on the banks of the beautiful stream. They were wont to go to them somewhere about the Fourth of July, and to return to the heats of the city in the early days of September. The summer vacation of the private schools extended over the months of July and August, and these indicators of domestic movements have now so much enlarged their seasons for rest and recreation that middle-aged men and women wonder if the boys and girls of the coming generation are learning anything. The long vacation is the result of changed habits, for the family usually goes to the country when school closes, and moves back when it opens.

There are some families, however, and they are yearly growing more numerous, that decline to have their migrations governed by the habits of those who set the pace for the schools. The beauties of rural life have impressed themselves not only upon our leisure class, but upon many men who are still engaged in the active affairs of life. For many years it has been the custom of the Boston people who own country homes along the north shore of Massachusetts Bay, especially those who are fortunate enough to possess estates at Beverly Farms and Manchester-by-the-Sea, to go away from the Back Bay to rural delights and moderate taxes very early in the spring, and to remain at least until after the fall elections. Many a New-Yorker, too, especially if his country place is within easy distance of the city, escapes from the pavement in time to see the birds of the vicinage build their summer homes, and to pretend at least to superintend the making of his gardens. Their country homes are their residences; they vote in the neighboring village, and take an active part in the life of the country-side. Some of them, the wisest, eat their Thanksgiving dinners amid rural surroundings, and celebrate Christmas where the evergreens grow.

These people know the delights and keen enjoyments of rides and walks in the brisk air, and understand the charm of landscape after the crops have been gathered, and when the trees have shed their leaves, thereby opening vistas that were undreamed of when the foliage of summer was thick upon them.

The reflex action of this devotion to rural life, of this appreciation of the pleasures and pursuits offered in the country, is seen in the city. The horse show, the flower show, the chicken show—all these manifest the interest taken by people of means and intelligence in the breeding of fine animals and the cultivation of rare and beautiful plants. And still better results are coming from the growing habit of treating the country as the principal place of residence, and of dwelling there the larger part of the year. The race is gaining by it, not only in strength and beauty, but in a certain intellectual quality, a mellowness that results from an understanding of nature's secrets, and from the freedom from nervous strain and unrest that blesses those who study the habits of the creatures who have no social obligations, and who do not know how to assume business cares that are beyond their strength.

The habit of country living breeds the habits of calm thinking and contentment, and that these are becoming more and more fashionable augurs well for the future of our well-to-do classes.

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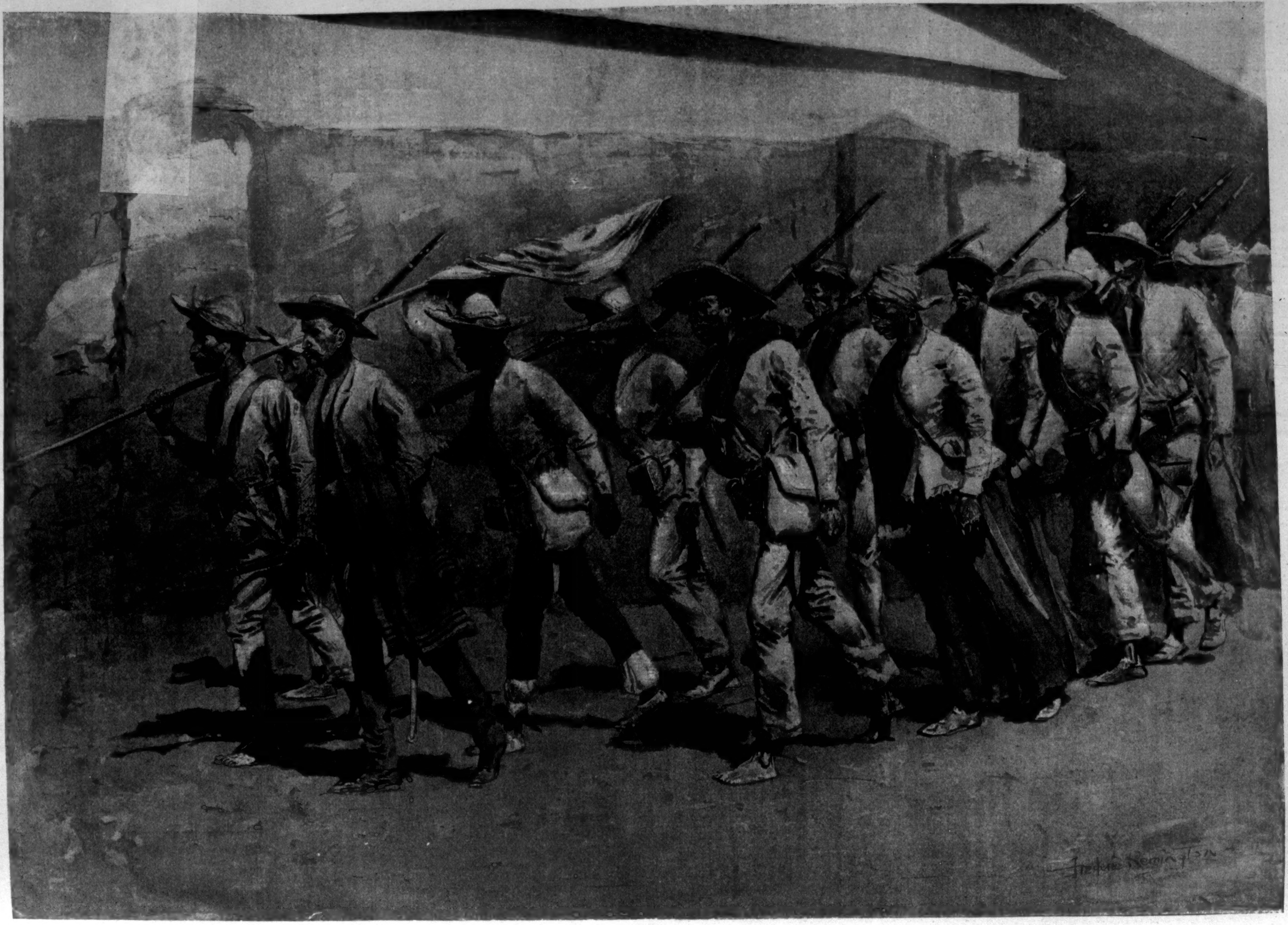
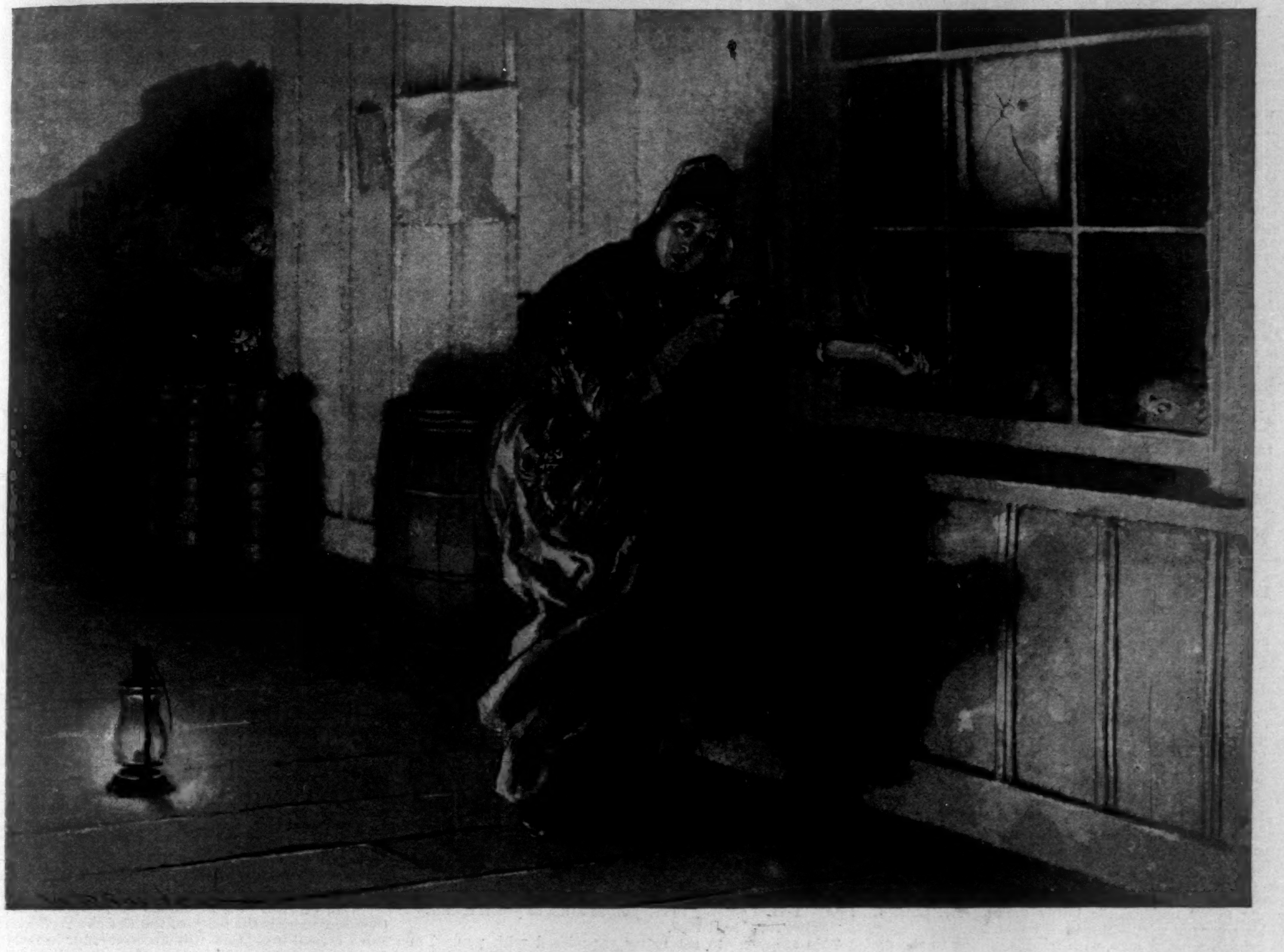

Frederic Remington

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY IN VENEZUELA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington from a Photograph.—[See Page 1110.]



OLD WIMSEY'S GIRL.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

AS she came along the platform before the scrap of a station, a number of men who were watching the signal turn for the through freight looked toward her with frank interest.

"Howdy, Tish?" said one. "Yeh look sweet ez a peach this mo'nin'."

Wimsey's girl gave the young fellow a glance of contempt. She did not speak, and the men laughed.

Withering disdain in a southern Kentucky town, to be really effective, must be supported with some pretension of money, position, or force of arms. The girl who had just crossed the tracks had none of these subtle constraints to respect. She was very young, her lank figure dragging in limp skirts, the sleazy texture of which had something in common with the pink cotton rose in her bent straw hat. It was well on for winter, and the slopes about the hamlet had the baldness of spent foliage, but the Wimsey girl's attire was distinctly springlike. Even the red shawl draped across her shoulder, its cheap fringe stiffly erect, had a mesh like mosquito-netting.

A lineman who had been buckling on his climbers gave his strapped calves a final look, and resigned himself to a momentary survey of the figure sweeping majestically by in its poor finery. "Tish is getting mighty good-look'n'," he declared, "and she's got a style that knocks the persimmon every time. Say, Tish! Pape's busy this morning. He's making out his reports. You better talk to me instead. I ain't a bad-look'n' feller when I'm fixed up!"

"Mind your own business!" advised Wimsey's girl, tersely. Her big eyes flashed scorn on him as she undid the waiting-room door. She was white as cotton, and her hair hung to her knees in two braids as black as her eyes, which had a large movement in their spreading lashes, the under lids drawing upward. A gracious generosity of curve outlined her long throat and full chin, above which her heavy lips were set in a look of childish defiance. She banged the door.

Pape glanced over his spruce tweed shoulder with a start of annoyance. He hated sudden noises and whiffs of cold air. The expression on his beardless face remained one of irritation as he saw who had disturbed him.

The station was a very little place, its two tiny rooms accessible with a low zinc-lined arch, in which a stove of the size of a soup-bowl stood on four high legs.

The office was just big enough to hold Pape, a desk, and a tall stool, provided that Pape and the stool maintained official relations with each other. It vibrated with the insistent clatter of telegraph instruments, rumors of which also infested the waiting-room, which had a bench and two windows. One of these uncurtained spaces looked out on Sloan's, a town of a few straggling houses, inclining largely to chimney. Across the double tracks a general store displayed its porchful of boxes and barrels. Next to it the boarding-house, a gaunt structure of two stories, had its upper windows stuffed with quilts and pillows set forth for airing.

Over the north window of the waiting-room Pape had tacked a newspaper to shut out the view. It gave him a qualm to catch sight of the tunnel which gaped upon the village. A year before, a terrible wreck had occurred in the dark passage below the hill-side, and Pape could not forget how the screams of the dying had sounded as smoke and flame belched from the black lips of the underground thing in whose burning entrails the passengers of those two colliding trains were held fast.

Pape had been a railway agent for four or five years, but he had still a horror of accidents, and had been known to faint dead away at the sight of a brakeman's mashed finger.

There were other aspects of the profession which Pape disliked equally with its facilities for harrowing experiences. The wages were small, and Pape had a faculty for expenditure. He liked modish clothes of the sort exhibited in newspaper advertisements. It pleased him often to send for things thus commended to public taste. He consumed cigarettes, and had an odor of white rose in his handkerchiefs; and though at Sloan's gloves were regarded as indisputable signs of a weakening brain, Pape wore gloves.

None of these epicurianisms, however, resigned Pape to the towns of southern Kentucky. The smell of the soil affected him unpleasantly; the horny grip of a countryman's hand made him squirm. He listened of necessity to heavy jokes sprung at the plough-tail, but he did not enjoy them any more than he enjoyed the village merrymakings to which he occasionally went, *en grand seigneur*, his neckties putting the country beaux to shame. The girls bowed to Pape's clothes and condescension. To enforce homage from the world it is only necessary to expect it, and Pape's air was an air of ermine.

He was known to go clear to Somerset for his hair-cuts—a fact which, in conjunction with his other advantages, might have excited adverse criticism in the minds of his male acquaintances but for the fact of his stature. He was a dapper little fellow, and the towering Kentuckians had for him the sentiments which a mastiff has for a lapdog. They sniffed, but they did not offer fight, though the daughters of the native burghers smiled so openly on Pape's prettinesses.

Pape took the girls' kindness with a graceful unconcern. It was natural that they should contrast him favorably with the rural louts, whose offensive brawn and height made their lack of manner the more evident. The agent used his appreciative women friends with the tempered courtesy which implies no intentions. The Wimsey girl, however, he had been obliged to treat almost rudely. She came about the station too often. As Pape saw her ostentatiously warming her hands at the stove, he scowled.

"It's gitting right smart colder," said Tish, flushing. Her voice had a pleading accent.

Pape made a show of minding his affairs. He stuck a pen behind one ear, nodding at her indifferently. She certainly came about the office too often, that girl of Wimsey's, who lived under the hill-slope, in a wretched old box-house, with her father, an aged man, who improved his inglorious lingering on life's field by beating his daughter whenever his spirits were fired with deep potions.

Folk represented themselves as "feelin' mighty pitified to'des thet-er 'Tishia Wimsey." They yearned over her with cheap benevolence, but very few of them associated with the girl. The Wimseys were ostracized by reason of misconduct so pronounced that even Sloan's felt its moral gorge rise at the idea of overlooking it.

The Wimsey stock was "mean." Tish's dead mother had been of devious career. The girl's two brothers had upheld family traditions, one being detained for horse-theft, the other having fallen under the hand of a man who objected to highway robbery. Tish's kin, between them, had made things very hard for Tish, but she had borne the social ban without much active discontent till Pape came to Sloan's.

Since then she despised linsey, and dug "sang" to buy herself gaudy prints and glass jewelry. Her barbaric taste inclined to reds and yellows, which, happily, were not ineffective in conjunction with her pallor and slipping black braids and defiant eyes.

"Thar's a show to-night over the store," she broke out, as Pape went on scribbling. "Man with a magic lantern. You going?"

Pape cleared his throat with irritation. "I must ask you not to interrupt me," he said. "I'm pushed this morning."

He felt her gazing hopelessly at the back of his smooth head. She was not distinguished for the mildness of her temper, and Pape half hoped some quick flare of resentment might justify his incivility. He merely heard the door shut again. The Wimsey girl was crossing the front window, her head down.

"Blame ef I don't feel like smashin' thet thar little bantam rooster fer the way he treats Tish," said one of the loungers outside. "She looks like some un hed give her a lick over the cheek. He needn't to be so all-fired despisin', like she wasn't fit ter walk on—pore little critter!"

Pape went on with his reports, conscious that the approving "O. K." of the superintendent would grace this month's batch of records, as it graced all his well-kept annals. He liked the looks of the trim sheets, on which was set his neat hand, inferentially telegraphic from the sweeping connection of the letters, but somehow old Wimsey's girl stole between him and his labor, her dark head abased, her lips trembling.

"I wish she would keep away from here," he thought, angrily, as he made a blot, which seemed to look at him like a tear-confused black eye.

It was bad enough to contend with the infatuation of young women who played the organ and had reputable kinsfolk. The adoration of Tish was that of the moth for the star; the constellations in which he shone were twinkling with merriment to see this small earthy thing so persistent in approaching his brightness. It was rather a joke to have Tish Wimsey in love with you. She was barely sixteen, and bony and bad-tempered.

As Pape strolled into the show that night, his manner that of a man about town at a first night, he observed that the seats were full.

Some one picked his sleeve.

A chair in a far corner was still unoccupied, and as Pape approached it he saw that Tish was sitting next, and that he would be at her side for the evening. She looked up at him with fluctuating gladness and fear. Pape walked on.

It was too warm in the low upper room, and he did not care for lantern performances anyway. He remembered the stricken look of her face as he tacitly refused the seat, and his sense of annoyance made him determine not to speak to her at all on the next occasion of their meeting.

It seemed, however, as if Tish's love had got its death-blow. She haunted Pape's ways no longer. For months he saw nothing of her. Now and again he wondered about her, and she always presented herself to his mind in an environment of loose braids and tawdry roses and trailing skirts.

It was something of a surprise to him, one day in February, to meet Tish in the roadway beyond the store, and see how time had altered the features of her former attire. She had gone back to linsey, and a stiff blue sun-bonnet framed her face. The braids still swung, but they alone recalled the Wimsey girl of the past; for Tish, looking at Pape frozenly, passed without a nod.

"The dead go-by!" thought Pape. "And, by George!—I never noticed it before—she's a beauty!"

He was a little amused that he should have been thus struck with the girl's looks at a time when he was occupied with matters of pith and moment.

It had chanced, several days before, that a man of the name of Bates, having got the emigration idea in his head, applied at the office for a ticket to some town in Texas, the El Dorado of Pulaski County. The railroad rates had been a little increased since the last man from Sloan's went southward, and Pape mentioned this fact.

Mr. Bates began to anathematize the corporation. Whereupon Pape shoved toward the fellow the money he had laid on the window-shelf, a movement which defined itself to the Pulaskian's imagination, heated with farewell draughts, as a gross insult.

He at once held off and struck the agent in the neck. Pape, snatching out a little revolver, fired aimlessly at the swaggering figure outside, the bullet grazing Mr. Bates's arm, and scaring out a little thread of blood.

Bates being a popular man, with friends willing to shoot, vote, or drink in his behalf, public resentment fell rather heavily on Pape. He was condemned as being "too brash on the trigger."

Mutterings of vengeance here and there broke through the thick brew of the village gossip. Pape was advised by an acquaintance that Bates's "kin" were "layin' off to do yeh up," and that the whole "kit and bilin'" of them might be expected to call the agent to account. Pape laughed. He was no coward, for all his littleness and polished shoes.

In two or three days the affair seemed to be settling itself. There was a mining strike down the road, and interest was divided. Pape decided that the Bates connection had been sustaining its name for valor on a diet of airy threats. But on the night of the day when he met Tish in the road something occurred to change his idea.

The local freight had just gone by, an hour late, and Pape, sitting on his perch, was telegraphing its time to the train-despatcher. It was a long way past dark, and through the waiting-room window he could see the tunnel signal showing red for a shut block. Numbers of frosty stars nicked the purple sky, and half of a moon rocked against a corner of the tiny topmost pane. After the bustle of switching, it was surprisingly still. Pape noticed it as he made an item of two box-cars of inch oak which the local freight had taken out. He had just dotted an i with punctilious care when a curious sound struck him. It was a combination of a hiss and a crash. A bullet had come straight through the window-pane, cutting a neat hole in the calendar over his head.

The Bates force recurred to Pape's mind with astonishing vivacity. He turned on his stool and drew the door-bolts fast. In a moment more there was a rush; the door creaked but held. Then there was another crash, and as darkness settled in the room, Pape was aware that the besiegers had shot the light out.

The marksman had been very accurate in his sighting. As a feat of arms the thing was so admirably done as to make Pape's blood run chill. He grasped around for his pistol. There were hoarse whispers outside, and then it appeared to him that the window was shaping itself vaguely in dusky carmine, as if through the agency of a nearing lantern.

"Oh, blame it all!" expostulated a man's voice, lowered to a throaty key; "here comes a woman up the hill—thet Wimsey girl. Git them irons behind yeh, Selby. Cuss the luck!" There was a step on the board walk, and the same voice, raised to a pitch of engaging cordiality, said, "Howdy, Miss 'Tishia?"

"Who-all's a-firing down here?" asked a feminine treble.

"Firing?"

"Thet's what I said. I wondered ef the hull endurin' town was settin' on Pape. I wouldn't put nothing apast you-all! Who's them men skulking back thar behind the posts?—Bates's kin?"

She advanced toward the window, holding her lantern high. Pape saw her face streaked with the glinting lines of the shattered window-pane.

"Are you all right?" she asked, catching sight of him. "Here—"

She poked a revolver through the opening. He took it. She passed in two more. The red flare of the lantern dashed her features in crimson, and made a leaping darkness of her long twisting braids.

An insolence of daring touched her eyes and lips as she picked up the lantern and turned to go.

If it were the blood of thieves and criminals which gave her head its proud poise, such blood may have an outward semblance not easily distinguishable from the effects of nobler currents.

"Look a-here!" said some one; "what did you-'ns sneak thoo thet glass, Tish?"

"Guns," said Tish.

There was an exclamation, and something like a chuckle.

"Well, we better light out, I reckon, ef you're goin' to hold the lantern fer him to aim by!" laughed a man.

"We wasn't goin' to hurt the little feller, Tish. Them fellers a-hidin' thar is jest a few o' the town boys. We jest made it up to give Pape a scare fer bein' so lively on the pop. He's ben gittin' too big fer his clothes lately. You know him, Tish. He 'ain't ben none too soft-spoken to *you*, hez he? Well, come on, fellers. Ef 'Tishia don't bear him no ill-will, we needn't to. I 'ain't got nare 'nother load nohow."

There was a noise of lessening footsteps. The clamor of laughter attending this sound gave Pape a sense of discomfort as acute as had been his apprehension of premeditated bullets. It was not in his books to be shot, but that facing of an irate mob, himself on the post of duty, had a pleasing color of heroism as he remembered the picture. To have been made the jest of a few village loafers was not an episode to give Pape a scenic vision of himself.

There was no one in sight when he opened the door. The Wimsey girl revealed herself down the hill as a moving speck of ruddy light. Across from the store floated a clamor of merriment. Some one was relating how Pape had bolted the door, overturning the stool with his speed.

Pape, tossing in his bed, thought less of what he had done and how he had appeared than of Tish's look as she spoke to the men. The wild beauty of her pallid cheek and fearless glance haunted his dreams. His mind turned to the rusty old arms she had given him—relics, no doubt, of days when the Wimsey stronghold had need of forcible arguments with which to convince a sheriff's posse of the stainless integrity of its dwellers.

"What of that?" thought Pape, yielding to a certain train of thought. "She is young and good herself."

Whatever he might be to others, he was not ridiculous to Tish. She had believed him in deadly peril, and had come to his aid. He saw her with new eyes, and his heart warmed. Tish had taken different substance in his mind. She wore a wine-red gown which did not drag; her hair turbaned her low brows in dusky silk; there was a ring on her finger; she touched his cheek.

The next night, after the despatcher had ticked off "Good-night" to the office at Sloan's, Pape ate his supper, put on a white satin neck-cloth brocaded in lilies-of-the-valley, and went down the foot-path toward the Wimsey house. Half a dozen hounds came yelping at him. The door gleamed redly open, and the warm space outlined a woman's figure. The big puncheon-floored room showed emptily behind her.

She did not ask Pape to enter, but she drew back a little, and he stepped in. The words which he had arranged to say somehow hung fire. Tish stood looking at him, and without any sense of forethought he snatched one of her hands.

"Tish," he said, "I want to thank you—for last night, you know. We're going to be good friends, aren't we, Tish? I—I'm coming to see you as often as you'll let me."

"What for?" said Tish.

"To see you—to get better acquainted with you. I'm awfully ashamed of myself, Tish; but you'll forgive me, won't you? I didn't know how much I thought of you till I got to studying over the way you helped me out last night."

"I'd of helped a dog that was gitting chewed up blood-raw by the pack," said Tish, with uncompromising vigor of expression.

She looked very tall. Pape perceived that she was no longer a lanky girl who blushingly avoided his eye. She regarded him squarely now. She was beautiful, and there was a dignity in her bearing which made him feel strange. There was a singing in his temples. It was he, not Tish, who was reddening.

"I must have been crazy," he said, in a voice which trembled, "to think you ever did or could care for me—a fellow the whole town is laughing at. Excuse me for—I mean—that is—good-by!"

His chin was mottling suspiciously, and he kept his lips rigid as he gave her a last look.

Tish's head was very high, and her long throat pulsated with color as little tongues of flame licked from the logs on the hearth. Her stony eyelids indicated an impassible pride. She watched Pape step across the threshold. As the outer darkness swept charitably over him, Pape, catching a little sound, glanced back.

But Tish's attitude was no longer that of an impedestalled Justice. She was leaning forward, one hand out, as if she plucked at the darkness, dragging back something which the woof of the night held. "Pape!" she said—"Pape—I—wait a minute!"

CRESPO'S GREAT VICTORY.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN., [LATE] U. S. NAVY.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, *October* 19, 1892.

AFTER months of chaos and darkness—months whose sad history is written in blood—an era of peace and tranquillity has dawned upon fair Venezuela; and under Joaquin Crespo, the valiant defender of the constitution, this favored region bids fair to take its old place as the foremost commercial state of South America. From the day the sun first shone upon the new government, business received its initial impulse, donkeys weighted down with coffee-sacks filled the mountain roads, and long-delayed merchant craft turned their prows toward the port of La Guayra.

Peace has her victories as well as war, and so it is fair to presume that the tide of prosperity will henceforth be at its flood. Crespo's well-earned victory was a triumph of the people over the tyrant Andrueza Palacio. The latter and his band of organized robbers are now fugitives from justice, having impoverished the country they professed to love, and deserted the poor soldiers they forced to fight. While the officers are living in luxury away from their native land, thousands of their soldiers are sleeping in cold but honored graves.

Six months age the intrepid Crespo, gathering about him a handful of "macheteros," left the capital to battle with twenty thousand well-armed government troops. As he marched in triumph through the streets of Caracas last week, followed by an army of seventeen thousand men, each of whom had freely volunteered to fight under the tricolor of the revolution, it seemed hard to believe that every gun, every spear, every machete, had either been captured from the enemy or brought over by some of their panic-stricken soldiers. And yet this is no exaggeration.

It is well for Pulido and his cowardly cabinet that they stole away through the darkness and hid themselves behind the guns of the French man-of-war; for had they been exposed to the just wrath of the revolutionists, there would now be nine less criminals in the world. It affords me pleasure to chronicle that no vessel of the United States furnished an asylum to any of these people, and that both the French and Spanish commanders were censured by their ministers for so doing. The question of affording an asylum to defeated soldiers in revolutionary countries is one open for discussion to the students of international law, but when these selfsame soldiers become public robbers, deserting their armies upon the field of battle, and leaving their men unpaid and starving, they become criminals—not political refugees—and as such should be left to face a trial under the laws of their respective republics.

The night that Pulido and his cabinet fled from Caracas was one that will live forever in the memories of those who chanced to be in the city. Soon after the signal defeat of the government troops at Puertas Mochas, preparations were made for a hasty departure. The officials reached the city about four o'clock in the afternoon, packed up everything that could be carried away from the "Casa Amarilla" (President's House), and then left by special train at five o'clock for La Guayra, the seaport of Venezuela.

Just as the angelus bells were sounding from the many churches in Caracas, the reign of the commune began. It was like the eruption of a long-pent-up volcano. All the hatred and fury of which the Spanish-American nature is capable, all the long patient years of suffering under the iron heel of tyranny, transformed these people into wild animals. For the first time they were free—free as the balmy air around them. One might as well try to stem the mighty torrent of Niagara, to hold the ocean in his palm, as to reason with them at such a moment. And they were not the "pueblo" alone, for among them were many through whose veins coursed the bluest blood of old Spain. Knowing well that the interregnum would be a brief one, for Crespo's advance-guard, under Antonio Fernandez, was already moving toward the city, they met in the Plaza, under the shadow of the great equestrian statue of Bolivar, and said:

"We have but four hours to live. Let us lose no time. First to the 'cuartel' for arms; then to the palace of the tyrant Palacio."

Across the Plaza the mob rushed to the "cuartel," where many thousands of guns were stored, as well as a bountiful supply of ammunition. Thoroughly armed with rifles and machetes, they began to fire volley after volley into the air, running down the street in the direction of Palacio's house, and shouting:

"Viva Crespo! Muerte al Gobierno!" (Long live Crespo! Death to the government people!)

It is well for the latter that they were all safe on the train, speeding toward La Guayra, for the men that formed this mob were not to be trifled with. Had any one been found that night showing the yellow colors of the "Gobernistas," these fellows would have torn them limb from limb. On the way to Palacio's house one of the crowd caught sight of a building that could not be passed.

"Vea, vea, allí está la oficina de la *Opinion Nacional!*" (See, see, there is the office of the *Opinion National!*)

No formal invitation was necessary, for in rushed about one hundred men and boys. Great printing-presses were lifted up to the windows and then thrown down into the street below, followed by basket after basket of the identical type that had so long and bitterly denounced them. In less than fifteen minutes, more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of property had been totally wrecked. On they went, shouting, "Ahora á la casa de Palacio!" (Now for the house of Palacio!)

Soon its white walls and neat gardens loomed up ahead, a dainty morsel for the mob. The lights were out and the door was barred, for, it is needless to say, the owner was not there: he was in Paris, living in luxury on money stolen from some of these very merchants in the mob.

"Devuelvamos el dinero que Usted ha robado!" (Give us back the money you stole!), they cried, as the door was smashed in and the crowd entered.

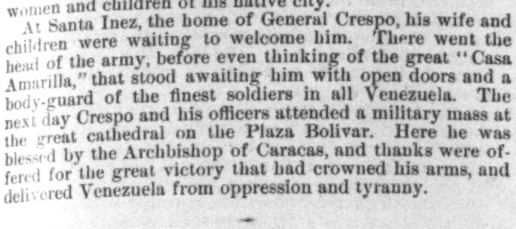
Within was some of the most magnificent furniture, imported from Europe, tapestries and rugs from the East, and antiques from all parts of the world. While these were being gathered together in a heap, men were in the garden cutting down trees and rare plants, each of which was almost a fortune in itself. Into the court-yard everything was piled in one great mass, covered with kerosene, and then ignited, the mob dancing around in glee.

From Palacio's these desperate fellows went to the house of Urdaneta, he of refugee fame, and the general for whom Admiral Walker has been gunning a long time; then to that of the Pulidos, uncle and nephew, the former President and the latter the commander-in-chief of the army. After these unceremonious visits there was little left in either house save a charred mass of ruins. It was during this excitement that the Spanish and German ministers were said to have been insulted. Even in all their frenzy, these people had no such intention. Both of these diplomats had rented houses belonging to Palacio and Sarria, the latter at one time Minister of War. When the work of destruction had been completed at the private homes of these officials, some one suggested that a like fate be dealt out to all property owned by them. Thus it was that these two foreign legations were menaced, but no one even crossed the threshold of either door. After everything that could be found in Caracas belonging to any of the government party had been destroyed, the mob visited a suburban resort, where Guzman Blanco, Palacio, and Pulido had invested largely in real estate. There the destruction was almost as thorough as it had been in the city, and there was little left to tell the story of the fury of the mob.

It was now about nine o'clock, and the advance-guard of Crespo's army was entering Caracas. Knowing well the revolutionary leader's intention of preserving order at any cost, the mob dispersed, and before Antonio Fernandez was within the city's walls, Caracas was as quiet and peaceful as though she had just awakened from a long sleep. Once the revolutionary troops began to enter, however, they were received with an ovation that they will long remember. Every house in the city threw open wide its doors and windows, lanterns were suspended across the streets, and colored fires burned in the public squares. For three entire days the great army of fourteen thousand volunteers was entering the capital. Crespo and his staff, at the head of the main body, came in about noon the first day.

As the great leader passed through the familiar streets of Caracas, the fair city that he loved so well, and had pro not to stain with Venezuelan blood, he seemed moved as his officers had never seen him even on the field of battle. Tears rolled down his manly cheeks as his great black horse walked over a perfect pathway of flowers, spread by the women and children of his native city.

At Santa Inez, the home of General Crespo, his wife and children were waiting to welcome him. There went the head of the army, before even thinking of the great "Casa Amarilla," that stood awaiting him with open doors and a body-guard of the finest soldiers in all Venezuela. The next day Crespo and his officers attended a military mass at the great cathedral on the Plaza Bolivar. Here he was blessed by the Archbishop of Caracas, and thanks were offered for the great victory that had crowned his arms, and delivered Venezuela from oppression and tyranny.



The Anglo-Saxon race, or at least the English-speaking portion of it, has been generally set down as unmusical. However this may be, it is at least true that the Anglo-Saxon race has hitherto produced no composer entitled to be placed in the first rank.

Until within comparatively a very few years, music in England, except so far as it has had to do with the services of the church, has been decidedly looked down upon, and its systematic pursuit as a profession, or even as an art, has been considered unworthy of the best intelligence and effort. So long as the Anglo-Saxon race type remained the dominant one in this country, much the same state of opinion was prevalent here; indeed, to a certain extent, is so now. Other causes besides the mere prominence of a certain race type have undoubtedly been at work in producing this state of things, which it is hardly necessary to discuss here, for during the last few years, be the reason what it may, music in America has made rapid strides in every direction, and one is too content to note the result to inquire too particularly as to the cause. There can be no question as to the value of music as a civilizing influence, or as to its importance as a factor in social life, and it is certainly an evidence of a great step forward in our civilization that we are willing to recognize, as we may be now said to do, both the importance and possible effect of that factor and that influence. A journal of civilization must needs take account of, recognize, and comment upon every adjutant factor in the progress and development of that civilization. Realizing this constantly increasing interest in and appreciation for music throughout the country, it is intended that the department which is inaugurated in this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY shall give a brief account of musical matters, both in this country and abroad, touching, too, incidentally, from time to time, on the drama, with which music is to-day in closer relation than ever before.

Important and significant productions, whether on the musical or dramatic stage, will be considered critically, and when of sufficient importance, emphasized by illustrations, and so far as space will permit the department will endeavor to keep the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY posted in regard to any important happenings throughout the musical and dramatic world.

If in this country at the present moment the present of music be not one of notable actual achievement, its future is certainly one pregnant with untold possibilities. The most hopeful indication for this future lies in the fact that the people of this country have of late been willing to consider the possibility of an American's writing music, and good music at that. There is surely no end to our national ability in every direction; all that we need is a national confidence in that ability for it to grow and extend immeasurably in any given direction; and now that the means for obtaining a thoroughly first-class musical education, in that musical atmosphere and surroundings which have so much to do with the success of such an education, is attainable in this country, in many of the large cities, notably in New York and Boston, the development of the American musician and composer may be confidently expected to be rapid and constant. The presence among us of a musician and musical authority of the first rank like Dr. Dvorak will undoubtedly prove a great incentive to productive effort.

We have as a people limitless energy. To bring about results which may surpass any yet reached, it is only necessary that that energy should be properly directed; this Dr. Dvorak, better perhaps than any other musician of his time, is able to do, and, in consequence, the practical results of his musical ministry among us will be looked forward to with confident expectation.

Owing to the energy and effort of the permanent symphony orchestras in New York, Boston, and Chicago, a very much larger number of cities are provided with a series of first-class concerts during the season than was formerly possible. The directors of all these orchestras have published this year lengthy lists of musical novelties which will be given this season for the first time in America—possibly some forty or fifty pieces in all—out of which not more than three are by American musicians. However it may be with the New York and Chicago orchestras, it is certain that with Mr. Nikisch and the Boston symphony orchestra it is a lack of compositions by American composers which is the cause why American music is not represented more largely, rather than the disinclination to produce American music as such. The American musician, though he may be said to need no apology, does need encouragement, and in this regard it is certainly unfortunate that Mr. Theodore Thomas's judgment has not inclined him to utilize to any extent the opportunity afforded by the World's Columbian Exposition to give him that needed encouragement. Neither Mr. Thomas nor Mr. Damrosch, indeed, has ever erred in allowing music by Americans to usurp any very important place on his programmes.

The musical giant of the day is certainly the Russian composer Tschaikowsky. He has written, and written successfully in all the great classical forms, and is now beginning to appear before the world as an operatic composer.

It sometimes seems to take a long time for even a successful and meritorious work to become known. *Eugèny Onègin*, Tschaikowsky's opera which is now running in London with the most pronounced success, was first introduced in St. Petersburg over ten years ago, in 1881, and gained at that time emphatic and instant recognition from all who heard it. He has just finished a new opera, entitled *Iolanda, or The Daughter of King Renato*, which is on the eve of production in Russia at the Imperial Opera-house, St. Petersburg. Tschaikowsky is certainly the most progressive and original musician of the day, and from him, perhaps rather than from any one else, may be expected those progressive developments in music which must be made, and continuously, if music is to continue a living art.

It is distressing to note that the subscription for the concerts of the Thomas Symphony Orchestra in Chicago, for the present season, is much smaller even than it was last year, when there was a deficit of over $50,000 at the end of the season. It would appear from this that the music-loving people of Chicago have not an unlimited confidence in the ability or desire of the musical director-in-chief of the World's Columbian Exposition to successfully cater to their musical tastes. Parnassus is doubtless a most enchanting place when once reached, but with the best will in the world to scale those artistic heights, people prefer to be gently and insinuatingly led rather than rudely and uncompromisingly driven up the slopes which are at times somewhat rugged for even the willing and anxious musical neophyte. Mr. Thomas's musical methods have ever been those of the whip and goad, and they do not appear to be much better liked in Chicago than they were in New York. Education is, after all, but a method of training the mind to act for and of itself. Mr. Thomas has undoubtedly done much to train the American musical mind by a course of foreign music. This was right. But now that that mind has been, to a certain extent at least, trained in the right direction, it should be encouraged to act for itself; to become, in other words, productive. An education which can show no results is of no practical value, and if the result of Mr. Thomas's educational methods is to make people unwilling to subscribe to his concerts, the conclusion that those methods must in some way be wrong is inevitable. It is to be hoped that music at the Columbian Exposition will not suffer and languish along with the Chicago Symphony Concerts, and for the same cause.

From present indications it would seem that Italy is soon again to resume her former commanding position as an opera-producing country. Encouraged by Mascagni's success, scores of composers are turning out operas and musical melodramas, operettas and music dramas almost by the wholesale. The most of these will probably never be heard outside their birthplace, but so much activity is bound to be of value, and to produce something worthy of universal acceptance in the end. Within a few weeks Mascagni's new opera, *The Rantzan*, which has already been successfully tried in private in Florence, will be produced in Milan, and its advent will be awaited with genuine interest and expectation, more especially as *L'Ami Fritz* is now admittedly a failure, or at best a *succès d'estime*. Following closely on this, probably in February, comes Verdi's much-talked-of opera, *Falstaff*, which the whole musical world is awaiting with the most intense interest.

In France the next operatic production of note will be that of Delibes's posthumous opera *Kassya*, which will take place at the Opéra Comique in January. The young musicians in Germany have apparently abandoned opera for the more classical symphonic forms, while in England choral works for choir festivals and cantatas for singing societies are the staple articles of musical production. And so it goes. Is not the present time an interregnum between Wagner and—who?

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

TYPES OF SADDLE-HORSES.

BY WILLIAM C. GULLIVER.

THIS article will be confined to what has come to be known as the park hack, commonly classed as a saddle-horse at our Horse Show—the horse for pleasure.

As are the varying ideas of pleasure, so are the varying types of saddle-horses selected to please. The amount of pleasure to be derived by the rider from the horse is limited quite as much by the peculiarities of the rider as of the horse. Some riders to whom a hobby-horse would impart a gentle ecstasy would suffer agonies of apprehension on a high-mettled charger, however docile. Others have no regard for the horse who has forgotten the vagaries and blithesomeness of youth. Some would ride the whirlwind, others the merry-go-round. Between the two, tastes are as various as individuals. To some the pleasure of riding is simply the pleasure of display, and every other quality of the horse is made subsidiary to his capacity and inclination for producing dramatic effect. Others, in making their selection, sink this assertive beauty, and search for power and willingness to go, which may not be patent to all casual observers, but which, when found and tested, are truly appreciated, and constitute the grateful and enchanting subject of many a horse-talk and of many a proud and proper boast. In short, there is no uniformity of type sought by riders for pleasure. Consequently, in saddle-horse classes we find exhibited any and every type, from that of the Percheron to that of the thoroughbred.

Regardless, therefore, of individual fancies, I consider only generally accepted types of saddle-horses worthy to win prizes. Assume that the animal is sound, and that his legs are suitably constructed for wear and tear, and that he has sufficient length of pastern, set on at a proper angle, for elasticity. Look next for any such defects in general conformation as would throw the horse out of consideration. Does he consist only of two ends with a mere connecting link, or has he also a serviceable body? Are the loins powerful enough to carry a man, or only a doll? Is the back long enough to carry two saddles, or only one? Does it require a long girth to connect the horse and saddle, or will a pony girth answer? Are the forward ribs flat or straight enough to permit a comfortable seat to the rider, or is the horse so thick through as to deprive a man of his thigh grip, and to throw a woman rider out of the perpendicular? Has the horse sufficient length underneath to gallop as fast as it is intended to ride him? A deep-ribbed symmetrical body, a strong back and loins, must be there, with back ribs well rounded, even if at the sacrifice of some features of beauty. A typical horse must also have a powerful, freely moving, and well laid back shoulder, which will enable him to move forward as well as up and down. His quarters should be well coupled on, and muscular as well as symmetrical. All the machinery connecting with and below the body must be so put together as to be capable of long-continued hard work as well as of giving pleasure to the critical rider. Look at the type shown by the illustration.

There are shoulders equally fit for a drop jump, a gallop down a steep hill, a trot on the road, a canter on the turf, or a brisk walk on a summer's day. There is a back without a superfluous inch of length, made to carry a saddle. There are loins, quarters, stifles, and legs to carry a real man on a real ride. There is sufficient length underneath for the horse to swing easily away at any speed you need. There are pasterns to let you down easily and raise you up and transport you inspiringly. There is the bright face of a trusted companion, the beautiful head and neck always before you challenging your admiration, the cleanly arched throat to bend and yield and to carry their supply of air to the lungs, and the proud breeding of the equine aristocrat.

Having glanced at these instantly discernible points of utility and the obvious features of beauty, it is natural to defer careful analysis of the lines of beauty until the movements of the animal have been noted. This is partly on the theory that "handsome is as handsome does," and partly because the carriage of the moving horse often conceals or compensates for his defects in the lines of beauty. A throat which appears angular at rest may sometimes assume a swanlike curve when in position for the proper motion of the horse. A tail may be set so high and carried so spiritedly in motion as to apparently level a goose rump. Even coarse and loppy ears may assume such vivacity and position in motion as to be sometimes forgiven. An apparently long back may be so combined with extra good shoulders and loins as to look short with the help of the saddle and of well-balanced motion.

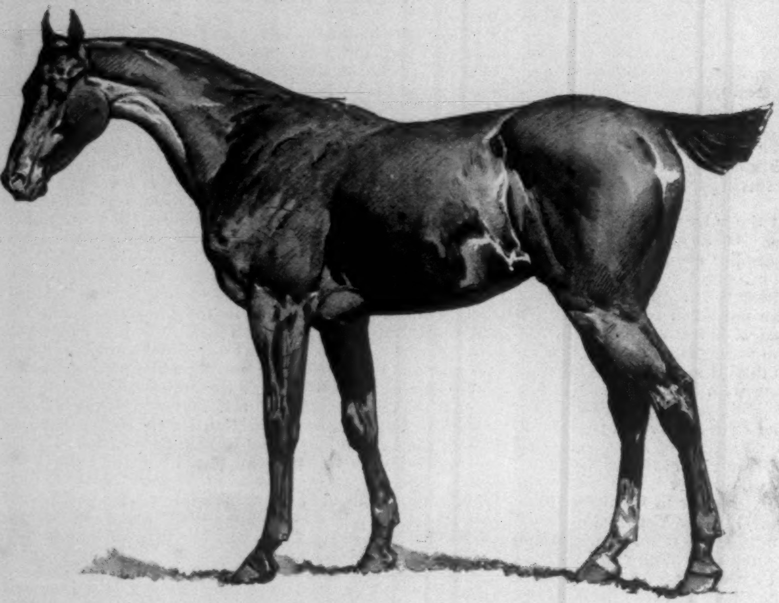
As types only, and not accomplishments, are under consideration, I look only at the movements of the animal at his natural gaits, the walk, trot, and gallop. In all, the first requisite is natural balance. In all, the shoulders should move freely and boldly, and the hind legs be naturally brought well under the horse, *and, in all, the legs should move rhythmically*. There must be suppleness in every joint, and an apparently equal command of the horse over the movement of each joint. Power and suppleness, with extreme action at one end of the horse, and weakness or stiffness of motion with deficient action at the other, constitute, while they exist, a source of greatest discomfort to a rider, which may or may not be capable of remedy. In the type, therefore, hock and stifle action should correspond with knee and shoulder action to produce levelness and uniformity as well as beauty of motion, and, above all things, at all gaits, there must be no disconnection or want of rhythm in the movement of the two ends.

If a horse has these natural accomplishments of balance and rhythm in motion, it is next to be considered what these portend. They must at least develop into a fair amount of speed, attained without effort, and without sacrifice of balance or of rhythm in each of the gaits. The exhilaration of onward motion, which, after all, is the charm of horseback riding, is entirely wanting without some degree of sustained speed in both the walk, the trot, and the gallop. The rider may or may not wish to call on his horse for the exercise of his powers of rapid locomotion, but the conviction that these powers exist, subject to the command of the rider, to be gladly exercised upon his intimation, is one of the important points distinguishing an out-of-door saddle-horse from a ring-horse. A saddle-horse without the capacity of going is so incomplete as hardly to be worthy of the name.

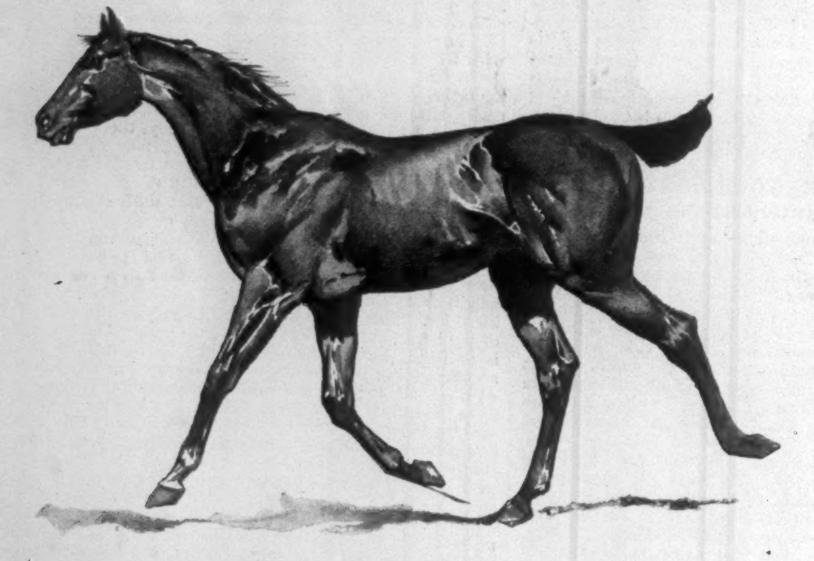
Thus some of the elements of capacity have been disposed of. Now look at the brilliancy and grace of the motion with which the horse conquers space. All will agree that the action must be graceful. The degree of its brilliancy, however, is a matter of taste. So long as the horse moves easily, without fatiguing himself and without hitting himself, and so long as he moves smoothly, there can be no objection to brilliancy of action. This may be carried to such spasmodic excesses as to certainly tire the horse on a short trip, and to cause a roughness in the gait perceptible and uncomfortable to the rider. But until the action approaches the spasmodic stage, I have never discovered any practical objection to it. It is a not uncommon belief that brilliant trotting action, by which I mean the raising of all four feet with sharp angular movement to a considerable height from the ground, renders a horse uncomfortable to his rider. This is so where action is confined to either end of the horse, but it is not so where the action, however high, is uniform, properly distributed, and rhythmical, as in the accompanying illustration, and where the horse is supplied with sufficient spring and sufficient breeding to prevent him from pounding as he goes. There is a species of trot, involving beautiful shoulder action, hock action, stifle action, and pastern action, and a delicate caressing laying down of the feet upon the ground, but lacking the extreme angular movement of the front leg, now known as knee action, which is occasionally found in the thoroughbred horse, and frequently in the greyhound, and which to many minds is more graceful and more suitable for a saddle-horse, as it certainly is more regal than the angular, lofty, and dramatic action now so popular. Such trotting action lacks no propelling power or speed. It does lack display, and consequently popularity. Here is an illustration of the trotting action to which I refer. Such trotting action is usually accompanied by that most perfect gait, the balanced, collected, stealing gallop of the educated, light-mouthed, supple-necked thoroughbred. Where, therefore, you will find ten horses with this style of trot and the perfect gallop, you may search long before finding one combining the fast, lofty, angular trotting action with an agreeable, much less a perfect, gallop. These two gaits in their perfection, however, do sometimes exist in one horse. As to brilliancy of action, therefore, I say give it the preference in selecting the type, if it does not involve a sacrifice of any of the essential qualities of the saddle-horse. But if it is of the sort to produce fatigue, either in the horse or in the rider, or if it is not accompanied by good galloping action, then that horse must surrender precedence to another possessing the requisites.

I consider the qualities so far mentioned as essential to a typical saddle-horse. It remains to be determined which, in other respects and in detail, among the horses possessing these requisites is the typical one.

To begin with, is the horse the sort of companion which the rider wants? On some horses you may travel alone for days, and be constantly interested and entertained by your horse; on other equally good goers you soon grow conscious of your solitude—there is no sympathy. Some horses enjoy landscapes; others enjoy nothing. Some horses show critical appreciation of the whistling, singing, or talking of their riders; others appreciate nothing but food, water, and grooming. To be a good comrade a horse must see things, hear things, appreciate things, and, above all, enjoy things, Is this horse a friend and ally? To determine this, begin with his face and head. Here is a picture of a face to love



A WEIGHT-CARRIER.



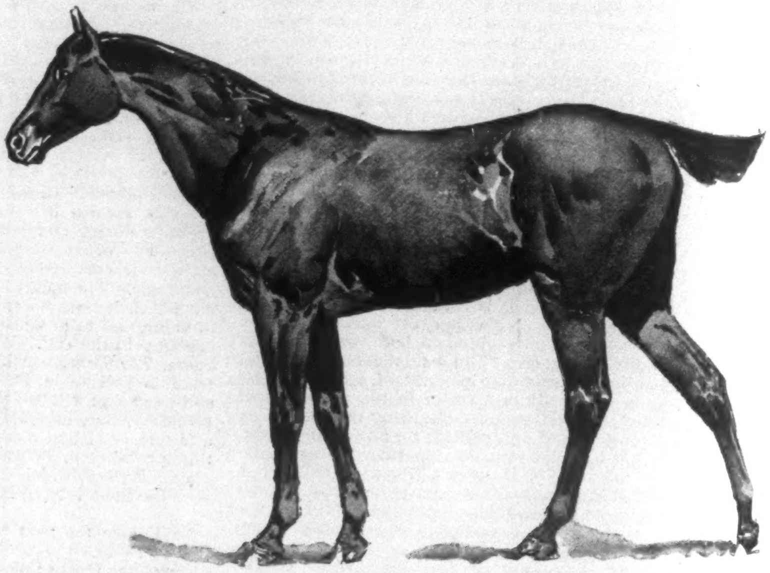
A SMOOTH TROT.

and a head to admire. Intellectual peculiarities can usually be detected by observation of the horse's countenance. Just how the degree of intelligence is detected is as difficult to define as it would be to state why, upon looking at the faces of persons, the observer concludes that one is intelligent and the other not. Love for the horse and constant companionship with him result in an intuitive discernment as to this. The shape of the head has something to do with it, as there must be room for a big active brain. But the expressions of the eye, of the ear, of the nostril, and even of the mouth, are obvious indications. Intelligence seldom accompanies an idle, unobservant eye, or a loppy, lethargic ear, or a thick, small, indolent nostril. Such mind as a horse has exhibits itself, in a state of health, mostly through the eye and the ear, and is to that extent discernible. The capacity and habit of observation is the first symptom of intelligence. These are indicated by the alert and vivacious eye, ear, and nostril. For intelligent observation there must be the capacity and habit of rapid movement of both the eye and the ear, and ready expansion of the thin nostril. A placid, slowly moving eye and ear may accompany intelligence, but seldom alert observation, without which it can hardly be expected that the horse will take care of himself and of his rider, whether on the flat or going across country. Whatever may be the degree of intelligence accompanying this type of eye and ear, it is not likely to be brought into use in a crisis. The capacity of instantly seeing and observing unusual sights in their completeness and with their environments enables a horse to bring all his intelligence into play, and if accompanied by the temperament indicated by rapid movements of the eye, ear, and nostril, enables a horse to act promptly and with a degree of wisdom in an emergency. The nervous, quick horse is the safe horse. The slow-moving, unthinking horse is the dangerous horse.

The courage of a horse cannot be so easily detected from his countenance. This requires some test. A fair presumption may be obtained from combined observation of his countenance, attitude, and actions. A horse cannot, like man, simulate courage. He acts as he feels, and not as he wishes people to think that he feels. It is therefore pretty safe to base one's judgment of the courage of a horse upon his unrestrained natural actions. The broadest test is the existence of intelligent composure in the presence of, and a willingness to face rather than to flee from, a terrifying object. Without courage no horse can be a type for any use involving companionship.

Temper, again, is more or less readily discernible in the countenance, by which I mean not the face alone, but the combination of face, eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth, including their position, attitude, and movements. A furtive eye, loppy ears, flaccid nostrils, and flabby lips are each and all symptoms of unattractive temper.

If we include disposition with temper, we are again considering qualities about which tastes differ. Some riders prefer a disposition well spiced with determination and nervousness, inclined to wilfulness, waywardness, or rebelliousness—a natural disinclination to restraint. Others prefer natural sweetness and docility. The quality of disposition sought in the horse depends upon the quality of the rider's disposition. As a general rule, and to fit a type, a disposition should be sought combining docility with vivacity, and containing a relatively small ingredient of wilfulness, but full of the elements of comradeship, sympathy, and affection.



PARK HACK.

A lady's saddle-horse, both to please the fancy of the rider and to be suitable for her use and in keeping with her, should have the utmost vivacity consistent with docility. A vivacious woman on a cart-horse is as out of place and as out of keeping with the situation as a French bonnet on a Dutch peasant woman. A beautiful form and a well-fitting habit show for itself when on a saddle, no matter what is under the saddle; but the pleasure of the rider, to say nothing of the completeness of the picture, depends upon the adaptability of the temperament, form, and movement of the horse and the rider. A horsewoman looks well going across country on any type of horse that goes brilliantly. But there is an incongruity in the appearance, as a park rider, of a trim, well-appointed woman on an uninterested, low-headed, phlegmatic-moving, and unbalanced hunter which mars the picture and detracts from the enjoyment of the on-looker, if not of the rider. A lady's horse should have more length than a man's horse. A short-bodied, low-withered, short-necked, compact horse, however well he may move, is so covered up by a side-saddle and a habit skirt as to appear more or less deformed. In looking for the type of lady's saddle-horse, we should look for one who carries plenty of himself before the saddle, and who has loins and quarters enough behind the saddle to display his finish, symmetry, and beauty, notwithstanding the covering of saddle and skirt. The type shown by the illustration is a good type of a half-bred horse for ladies' use. The more nearly a lady's horse approaches to being thoroughbred, provided he is not violent or wilful, and provided he has education, balance, and a good mouth, the more appropriate is his make-up for the type. Another essential in the lady's horse is that when he goes he should keep going, and not hesitate or falter in his gaits. This is true partly because it adds to the enjoyment of the rider, and partly because the position of a woman on a horse calls for sustained gaits, and renders it more awkward for her than for a man to adapt herself to constant changes, and particularly to spasmodic and recurring diminution of speed.

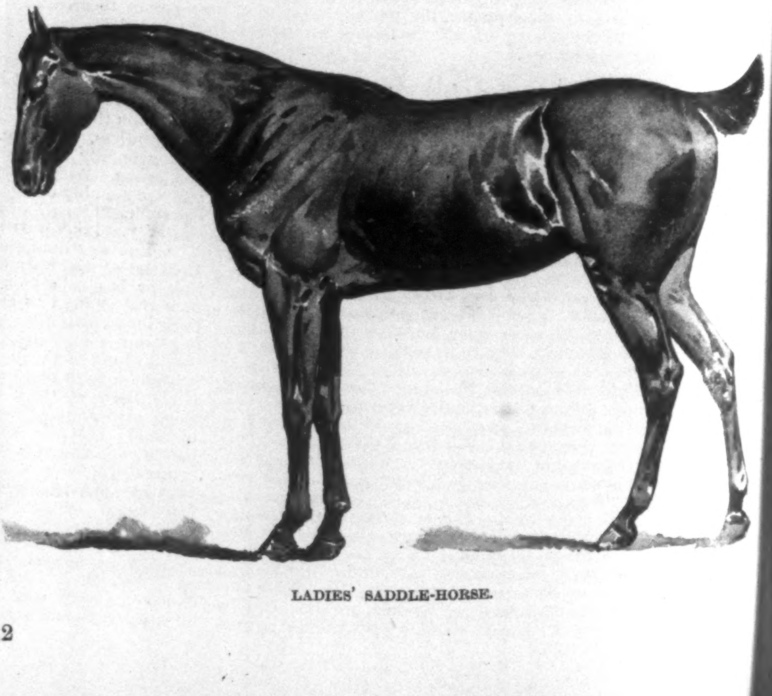
As to the weight-carrying saddle-horse there seems to be the widest diversity of opinion among exhibitors. But here again, unless the weight-carrier is intended for cross-country work, there is room for diversity of opinion. Heavy men, who confine their riding to the park and the ring, seldom wish to ride far or fast. With such, breeding is not a requisite. And there seems to be a prevalent idea that the abundance of flesh and of avoirdupois in the horse should correspond with that found in the rider. Whatever may be the tastes of welter weights in this respect, it must be admitted that, when seeking the type, the existence of high breeding is no objection even for park-work, and accompanies a capacity for any kind of work which adds to the appropriateness of the horse as a type. As between an obviously cold-bred horse of great weight and good lines and an obviously high-bred horse with less weight, but with true conformation and substance, preference should certainly be given to the high-bred horse for all saddle purposes. Whether cold-bred or high-bred, the weight-carrying saddle-horse must have legs so constituted and constructed as to carry and sustain weight safely at any gait. The illustration given is a good type of what should be sought in selecting a saddle-horse to carry heavy weights.

I must confess that for all saddle uses I should prefer a thoroughbred, or nearly thoroughbred, whenever possessing suitable conformation and temper, to any cold-bred animal. When a good-tempered thoroughbred has not been spoiled in his infancy, and combines the style of trotting movement shown in the illustration, covering with ease twelve miles an hour, and a fast lively walk, with the unapproachable thoroughbred gallop, he imparts to the rider an understanding of the poetry of motion which even a three-quarter-bred horse cannot give. I admit that there are few such thoroughbreds, but they do exist and can be found, particularly if they have never been in a boy's hands or been raced. When a thoroughbred horse is a gentleman at all, he is the highest type of gentleman, always agreeable and always inspiring.

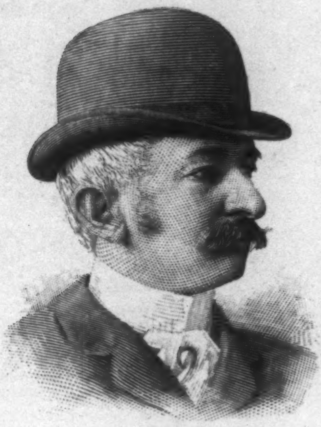
I have little to say about manners here. In the show ring it must appear that a prize-winner is tractable, and that he is fitted to perform his part as a saddle-horse safely and agreeably both to his rider and to other horses and riders in his company. Whether it be the result of the absence of bad education or the effect of good education, it is a *sine qua non* that he should have a light and responsive mouth. A borer or a lugger exhibits the worst of manners, and whatever may be his rank as a race-horse or as a hunter, and whatever may be his good qualities otherwise, he is not a type of a saddle-horse. The degree of docility or quietness which the typical horse should show is again only a matter of taste. To many what is known as the perfect-mannered saddle-horse—that is, a horse with no will or thought of his own—is uninteresting to the last degree. I should not count an ebullition of spirit or a momentary wilfulness as bad manners, provided the horse showed himself to be readily controllable. In fact, the horse of a nervous organization, with a superabundance of vigor, excitable by temperament but not by surrounding circumstances, provided that he is nevertheless obedient and capable of calmness when that is called for, exhibits, to my mind, the highest type of equine manners—power under subjection.

Intelligent education adds to the desirability of every horse for every purpose, provided it is not carried to the length of relieving the horse of the responsibility of thinking for himself. The degree of education, therefore, shown in performance and manners is an element to be carefully considered in a saddle-horse competition.

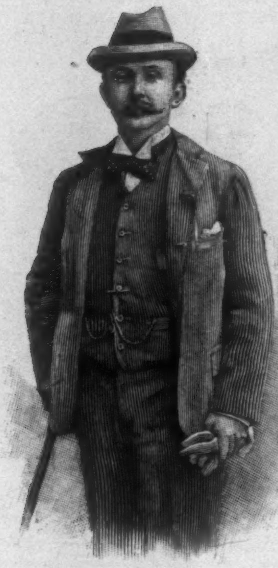
To sum up, a saddle-horse must be a horse, and not an unintelligent automaton. What is the most accomplished ring-horse to a Don Fulano or a Widderin? The typical saddle-horse must have physical capacity, vigor, vivacity, and beauty, with high breeding, keen intellect, high courage, and tractability.



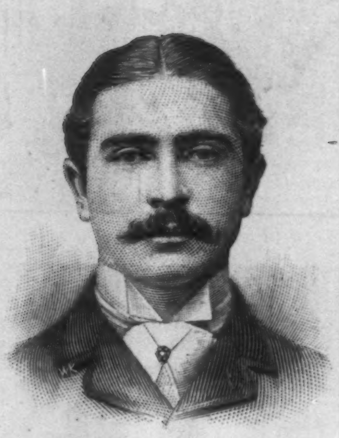
LADIES' SADDLE-HORSE.



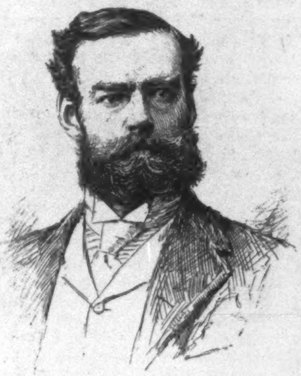
H. L. HERBERT.



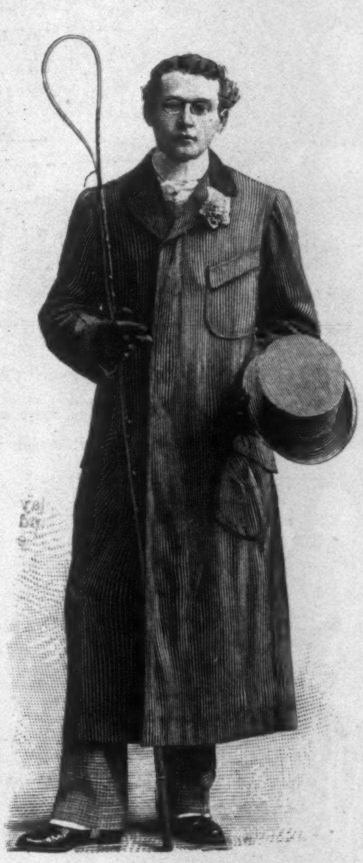
AUGUST BELMONT.



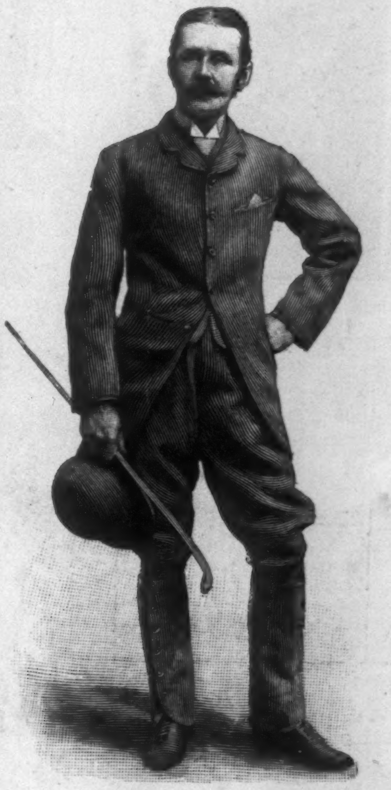
FOXHALL KEENE.



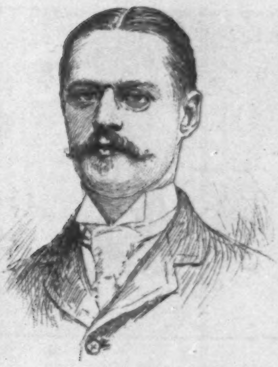
W. SEWARD WEBB.



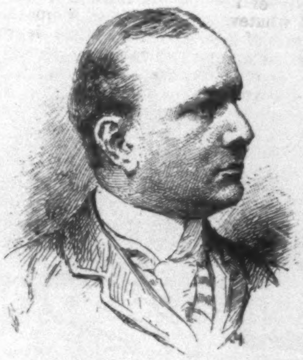
T. SUFFERN TAILER.



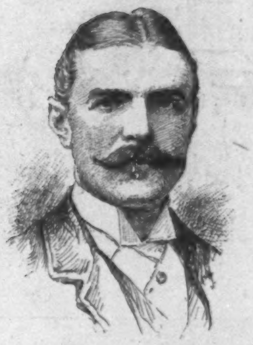
S. S. HOWLAND.



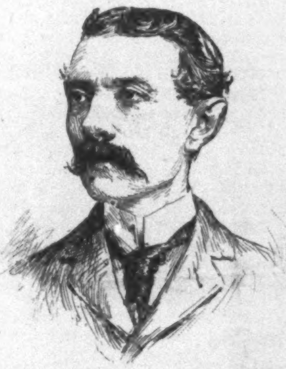
FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL.



PRESCOTT LAWRENCE.



EUGENE HIGGINS.



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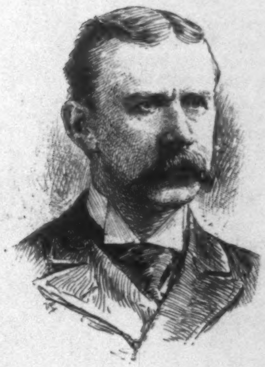
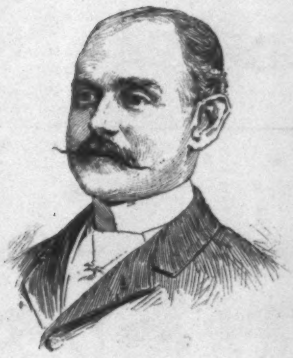
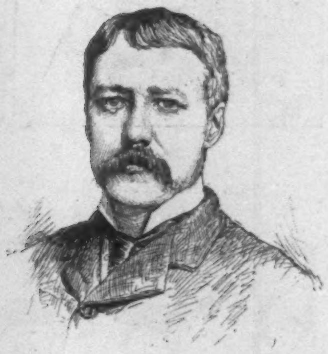


HENRY FAIRFAX.

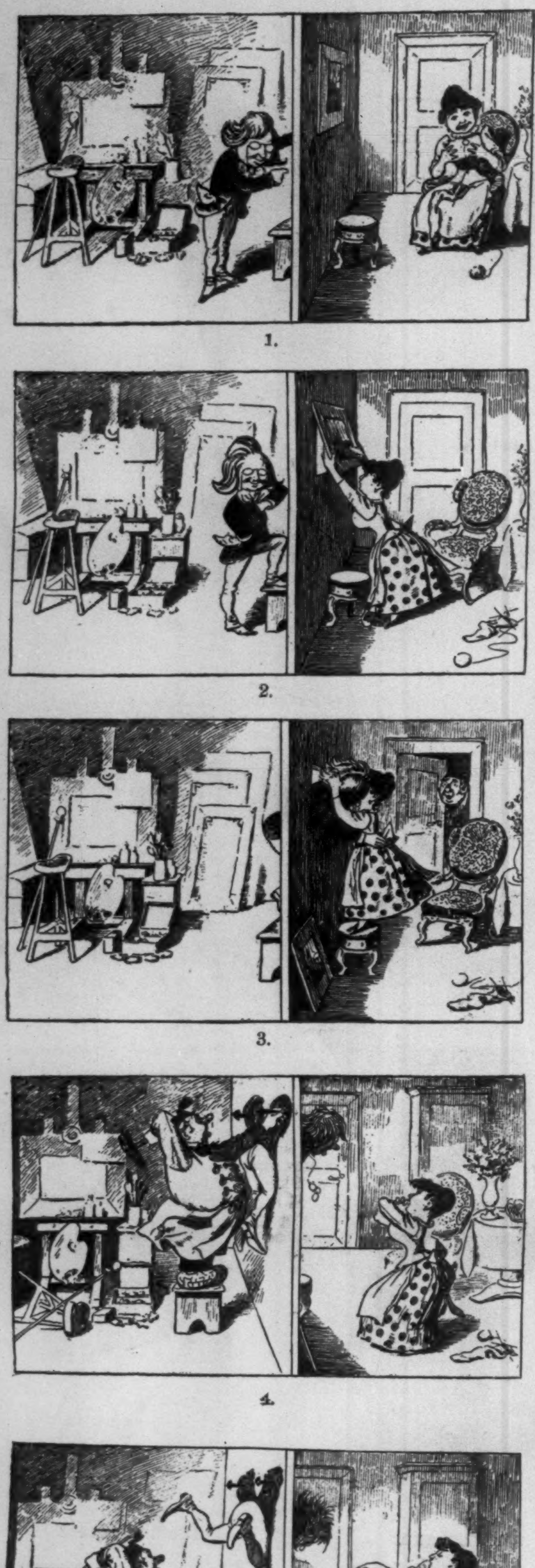


C. A. BAUDOUINE, JUN.



A. J. CASSATT.

THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW A SUCCESS.—[SEE PAGE 1117.]



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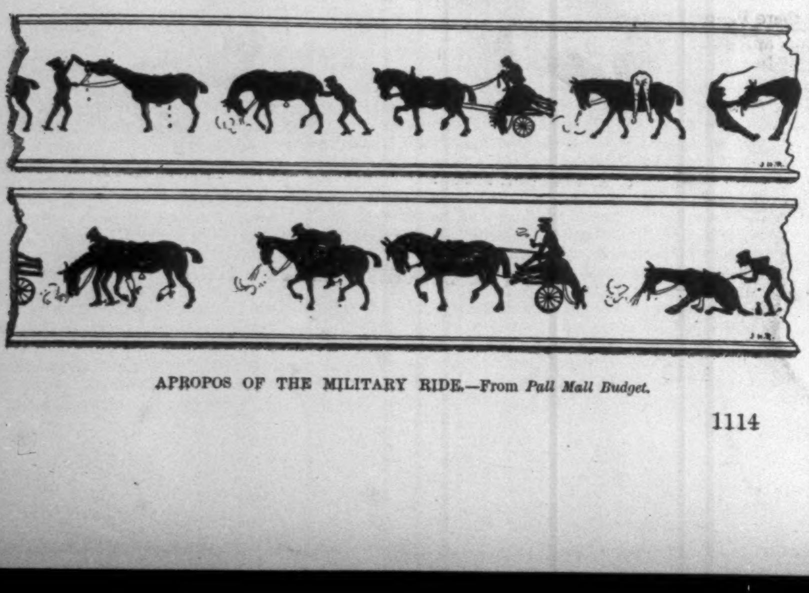
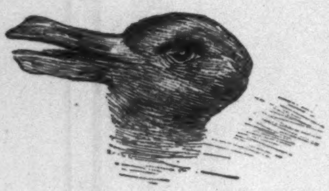
THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.—From *Fliegende Blätter.*

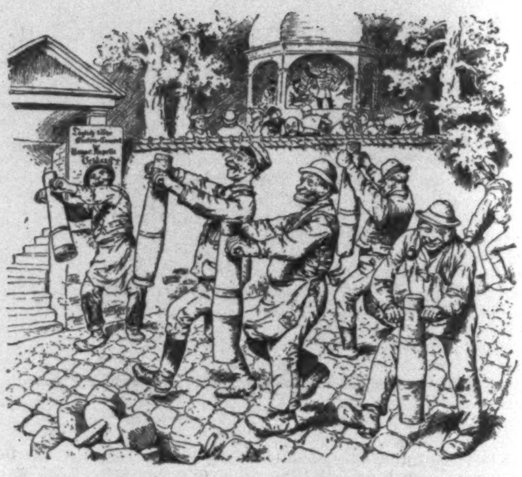


APROPOS OF THE MILITARY RIDE.—From *Pall Mall Budget.*

WHICH ANIMALS RESEMBLE ONE ANOTHER MOST?



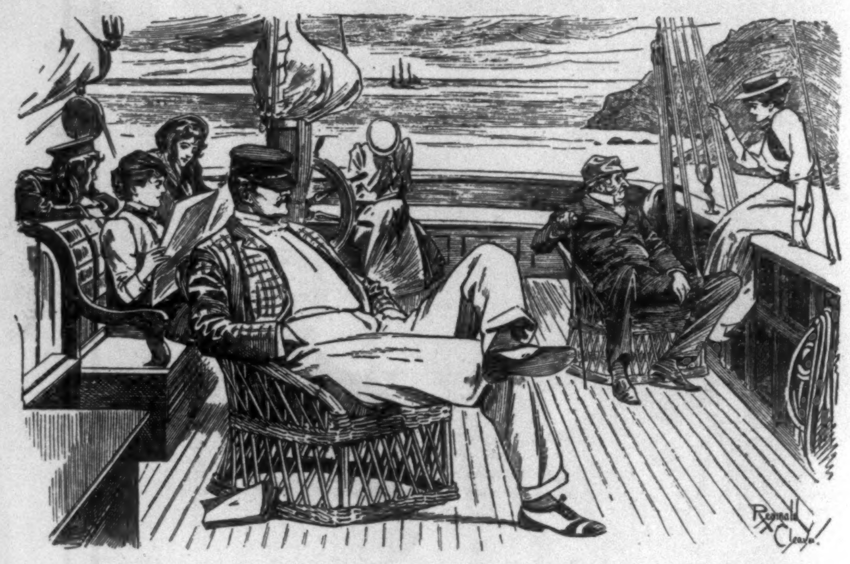
RABBIT AND DUCK.
From *Fliegende Blätter.*



PROFITABLE MUSIC.

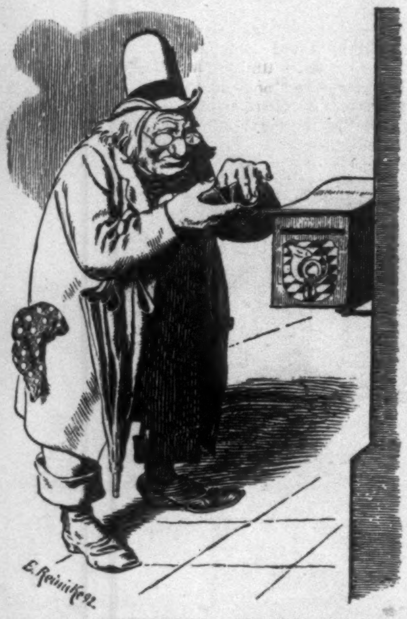
Contractor. "I am much pleased to see how rapidly this section has been completed."

Foreman. "Yes, it went quickly; but then, you see, for the past few afternoons a Hungarian band has been giving concerts in the park, and my men all work to the time of the music."



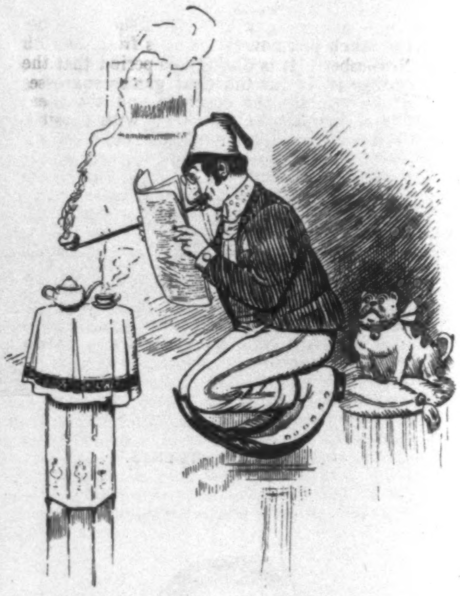
LOOKING AHEAD.

Miss Golightly (*the friend of the family, and to whom Sir Percy has proposed*). "Of course I'm awfully obliged, Sir Percy—but say, now, don't you think there would be some danger of my falling in love with your eldest son?"—*Punch.*

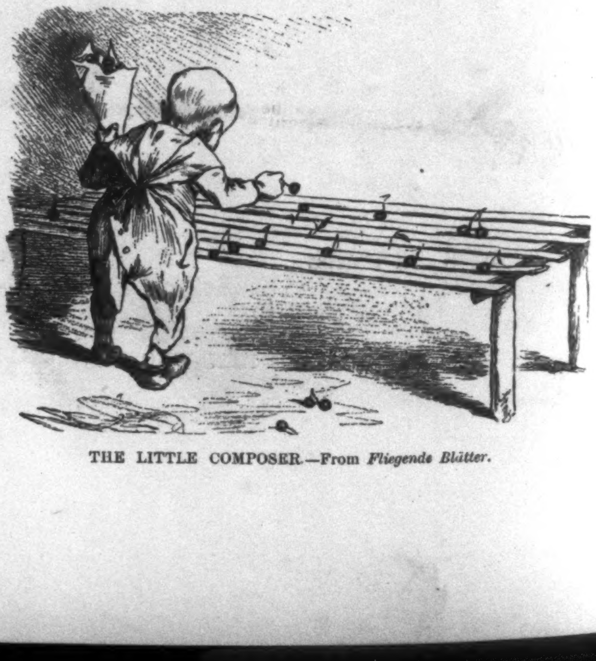


BEFORE THE POOR-BOX.

Near-sighted Citizen. "I don't know what's the matter. This makes the third tenpfenning I've dropped in the slot, and the chocolate won't come out."



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ROCKING-CHAIR.
From *Fliegende Blätter.*



THE LITTLE COMPOSER.—From *Fliegende Blätter.*

A DAY WITH THE 'VARSITY ELEVEN.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THERE are two distinct periods in the evolution of a football team. One at the beginning of the short two months' season, when the captain has issued his call for candidates, and the practice field is covered by an assortment of ambitious athletes ranging in quality from the veteran of several seasons to the Freshman making his first attempt to fall on the ball; the other, in the second and third weeks of November, when the men for the team have been practically chosen, and preparations are making for the great games that are to decide the university's place in that year's football history.

The first abounds in material for laughable sketches; the second is altogether too serious a matter for even the professional humorist.

A day with the candidates in the earlier period is not, however, without interest. From the side lines we watch three or four players of last year's team, whom the captain has induced to return to college two weeks before its opening for practice. Some of these men we have seen at Newport in September kicking, tackling, and falling on the ball; others we have read of in the newspapers as being up in New Hampshire, or Vermont, or on Long Island, going through the same preliminary drilling. We recognize one candidate for quarter back who, to our certain knowledge, wore off all the paint in a four-foot circle on the wall of his father's stable during vacation, and another who made a slow but patient snap back out of the gardener, much to the neglect of the maternal flower-pots. We smile as we nod to a certain candidate for end rush, recollecting how his ambition to excel in hard low tackling made life scarcely worth the living for every male employé on the family country-place, and visions of a small brother chasing punts all summer come over us as a famous full back tries for a field goal.

And this is only one side of the picture of those first days; the other side has little of the reminiscent, but much of future promise. The greatest number of candidates are those who all through the last season got lots of hard work and little glory on the "scrub" eleven, and this year there is many an anxious heart among them lest some star from another college steps into the place to gain which they have dragged a weary body off the gridiron field many and many a time. Here and there a youngster whose preparatory school reputation has made his name known on the campus is pointed out as one likely to make the 'varsity in his first year, but most of the strange faces belong to those trying for their class teams, and some of them have never played the game.

It is very easy to pick out the latter; they may be readily distinguished by their marked success in dropping on the place where the ball *was*, and by their brand-new uniforms. The latter sign-manual of the greenhorn, however, is lost to view very much sooner than the former. The nose of the young aspirant ploughs the soil of the gridiron field many a time and oft before he learns to drop on the ball, but he quickly acquires the football man's contempt for clean jackets and bright new shirts. The dirtier and more patched they become, the more highly are they prized. I know old players from whom gold could not buy the tattered relics of their football conquests, and it is not three weeks ago I saw two stars of a few years ago and both of whom were playing on an athletic club team, in very earnest discussion in a college dressing-room over the ownership of a most dilapidated, woe-begone-looking pair of shoes. Even the greenest candidates at the beginning of the season soon strip their football toggery of all its hated newness.

But it is not these first days, interesting as they may be, that concern us so much just now as the ones from the 10th to the 24th of November. It is during this period that the hard work of getting ready for the final games engrosses the attention of the captain, the coachers, and the men. The eleven has been definitely settled upon, with possibly a couple of positions for which several candidates are so evenly matched as to delay the choice. All are at the training-table now, and the condition of every player is watched with a zealousness never afterwards bestowed on him outside the sick-room. Most of the smaller colleges, I believe, support a training-table for the 'varsity only; but the larger universities, especially Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, take the "scrub" eleven to a training-table also.

At Princeton the training quarters are superior to those of any other college. Professor Henry Osborne last year presented the athletic associations with a club-house, beautifully finished in hard-wood, and complete in every particular. There are dining, lounging, and reading rooms downstairs (the kitchen being in the basement), and upstairs are several bedrooms for the coachers, a billiard, and a Board room. The trainer and the steward have immediate supervision over the kitchen and the table, and the improvement is equal to the difference between a boarding-house table and your own. At the other end of the football field stands what is known as the field-house. It has been recently built, contains lockers, dressing-rooms, salt and shower baths, and opens into the baseball cage.

Neither the athletes of Yale nor of Harvard are so favored in respect to training quarters. Yale has the finest gymnasium in the country, and in the last year has put up a field-house, with lockers, baths, etc., but it has no accommodation for a training-table, and they are obliged to use a hotel or boarding-house for that purpose. So it is with Harvard—the Hemenway gym stands next to Yale's and the Carey building, only a couple of years old, has lockers, baths, rowing-tank, and baseball cage, but the training-table changes from year to year from one location to another. The advantages of a club-house like Princeton's are manifold: it brings the men closer together, and provides an attractive lounging-place for their leisure moments, where they may read, write, or indulge in any in-door recreation.

The occupation of a 'varsity eleven from the moment the men get out of their beds in the morning until they get into them again at night attracts widespread interest and some very curious speculation. Judging by questions put to me, through the post and orally, the popular conception of the football-player's day is truly startling. It has him up with the sun, running about five miles before breakfast as an appetizer; at ten o'clock he is supposed to start off on a ten or fifteen mile jog across country to reduce surplus flesh and harden that which is left on his bones. At noon his feeding is somewhat after the manner of the animals at the Zoo; like them, he must needs devour great hunks of raw beef to give bodily strength and tone his disposition up to the proper degree of ferocity; he plays football all the afternoon, breaking an arm, a leg, or at least a rib, which is set and in condition for the onslaught of the next day. After the practice every day those who have escaped injury are tossed up in a blanket and dropped on the field to condition them for the match games. At supper, more raw beef and great tankards of ale fill the inner man and lull the wounded spirit into a beatific state of restfulness. After an hour's rest, the coachers and the players convene in solemn conclave, with armed sentries at all the doors and windows, and there the tricks, signals, and plays are discussed until late into the night, when the tired men retire to snatch a little rest against the work of to-morrow.

Such seems to be the provincial idea of the football-player's day. Unfortunately for its picturesqueness, it is much more prosaic. Work he does, indeed, earnestly and apparently tirelessly, but he eats no raw beef, nor does he the other extraordinary things accredited to him. His life is one of absolute abstemiousness; early to bed and early to rise, with just enough work to give him endurance, harden his muscles, and put spring in his movements, and plenty of good wholesome food. He is trained to get the maximum result from the minimum of effort, and his physical condition is so perfect that bruises which would disable the average on-looker pass away after a little vigorous massage.

He gets up at about seven o'clock, and breakfasts on substantial plain fare at from half past seven to eight o'clock. The time until noon is given to his college duties, or, if he has no lectures to attend, he reads, writes, or amuses himself as would any other man with a bit of leisure on hand.

At noon he puts on his football clothes, and goes out on the field for a little practice. Generally this hour before the mid-day meal, called luncheon, but as substantial, in fact, as the average dinner, is devoted to individual work. The quarter back undergoes vigorous coaching to quicken his passing, the full back practises kicking goals, and so on through the team, every man receiving the particular attention he needs.

Again at three he goes out for the regular afternoon's practice, which consists of an hour's play against the "scrub" team, followed by a drilling in the signals and new plays. At the end of the day's work he has his salt shower-bath, a good rub-down, and if he has bruises or cuts, they are anointed and bandaged. At half past six he dines heartily, being permitted a bottle of ale and sometimes the luxury of ice-cream.

In the last couple of weeks of the season the men meet for a little while after dinner every night to go over the signals and discuss plays and tricks. The balance of the evening is spent in studying or in any way consistent with training.

At half past ten the 'varsity man's day has run its length, and he goes to bed to dream, perhaps, of touch-downs and wonderful goals kicked from impossible angles.

"INTERFERENCE" IN FOOTBALL.

BY WALTER CAMP.

THE chief factor of modern football is team play, and the point towards which team play is principally directed is the interference for the runner. The growth of interference was at first a peculiar one, for, as a matter of fact, it was illegal, and so recognized by captains, players, and judges. But for all that, the temptation to indulge in it was so great and the liability to discovery so small that line men made use of it with what was coming to be alarming frequency. The rule was flat in its statement that a man when off side could not interrupt or obstruct an opponent unless he had the ball. There could be no mincing matters about this, for any man who was ahead of the runner was off side, and hence must not interrupt or obstruct the opponent. The trouble began in the rush line when drawn up for a down. Of course they could not, when the ball was snapped back behind them, help being off side, and no more could they avoid being an interruption and obstruction to their opponents unless they melted at once into thin air. They therefore stood their ground. Then they went farther; they extended their arms from their sides, thus making it very difficult to get through their ranks. But for a time that was the limit of their offence. Gradually, however, those arms took to hooking themselves too closely about a man who was near the runner, and before long they were actually dragging him out of the runner's path. Up to this time there was almost no interference in the open—it was all in the line. But it became impossible for the umpire to stop the practice entirely, because he could not draw the line between what must be allowed and what should be stopped. If he ruled that literally no man when the ball was snapped behind him could interrupt or obstruct an adversary, what could he do with the whole forward line? Make them move off the field, or forbid the centre to snap the ball? The wisest course of all seemed to be to face the situation fairly, admit that a certain amount of interference was unavoidable, but place limits to that interference which should be clear and thoroughly understood by player and umpire. This method was adopted, and rules so altered as to make it fair for a man who was off side to interrupt or obstruct the would-be tacklers of the other side, provided that in doing it he did not make use of his hands or arms. Primarily, this rule at once brought down to their sides the arms of the forwards in the line on a down. In fact, it was upon this point that a great deal of the discussion prior to the passage of the rule depended. It was even argued by one of the opponents of the measure that forwards could not protect themselves from injury at the hands of the charging adversaries unless they were allowed to extend their arms and thus push them off. But for all the opposition, the measure went through, and from it has grown one of the most scientific features of the play. Perhaps the simplest form of interference was in the tandem play, where a single man would precede the runner, and by charging through the line, make an opening for him to follow, at the same time distracting the attention of those about to tackle from the man with the ball.

As a matter of fact, there is now almost no play in the game into which good interference may not find an entry. So it comes about that one of the important attributes of the modern coach is an ability to adapt all the plays of his team to the amount of interference of which they are capable. He may have strong and agile guards, whose weight is not so great as to preclude the possibility of their getting into the interfering line of almost every play. He may have some very valuable but light man, who can be used only to a limited extent against heavy opponents, if he is to be kept fresh for his own individual work. It is no uncommon mistake made by captains this year to thus use up a light dashing man, by using him too injudiciously in heavy interference and to render him unfit for special work. Of course every coach and captain knows better than to put a small quarter up into the peak of a wedge, to be smashed into disability by the charging heavy weights of the opponents, but there are other places where his interference is none the less hazardous. This really is the first point to be considered in laying out the interference of a team—to so use the men as to leave them still in condition to perform their own special parts of the regular work. The coach should apply this to every plan for interference, making it a test question before proceeding to develop the play.

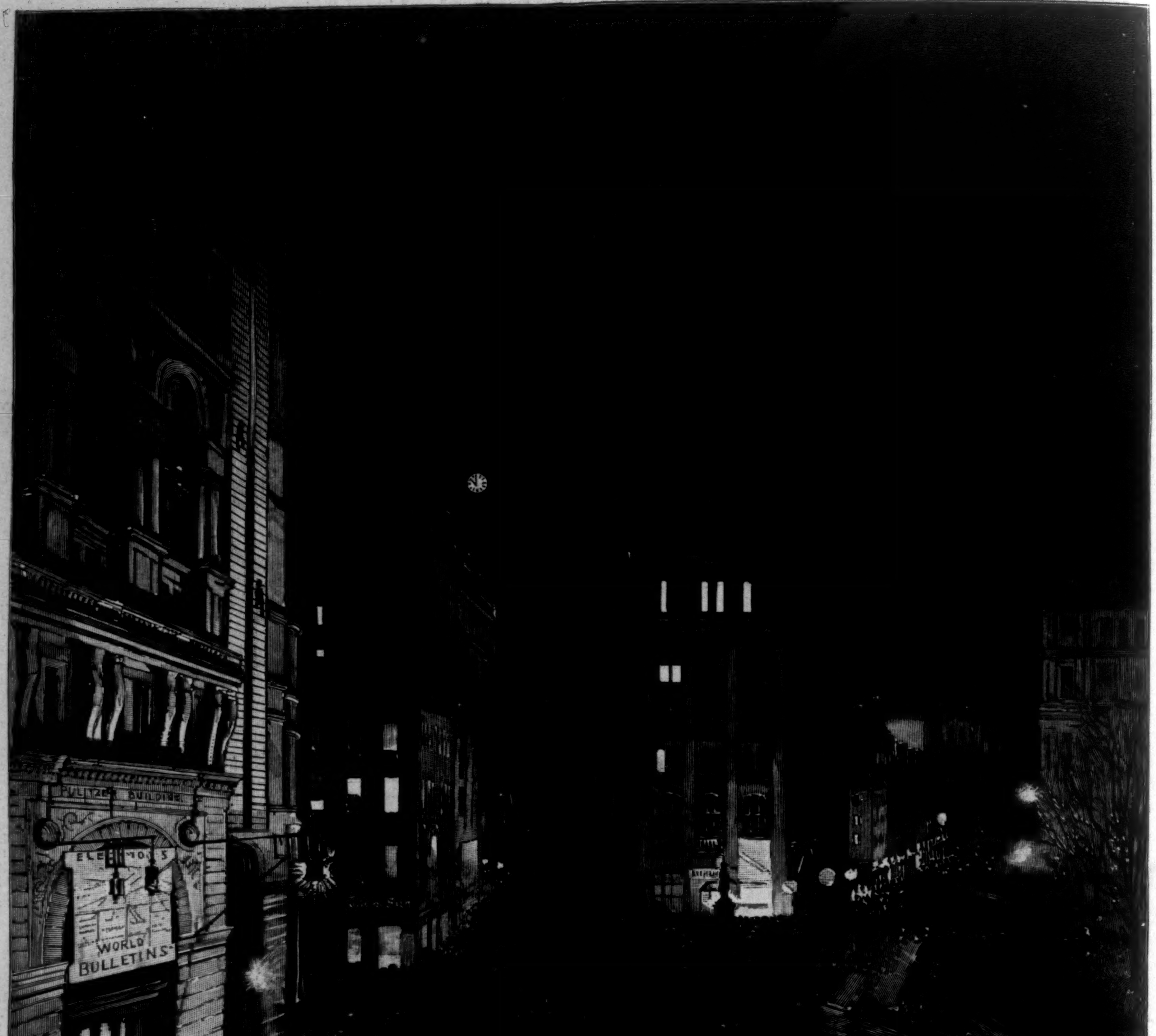
To begin with the opening play so common now among all teams, the close wedge. In this play almost the entire team are used as interferers, the runner and the two or three lightest men being the only ones who go inside. They only endeavor to preserve the formation as long as possible, or until there comes an opportunity for the runner to break out toward the opponents' goal. There are many plays directed at the centre or guards which partake very closely of the original wedge formation, only differing in the number of men involved and the time of the formation. Then there are the plays directed at the tackle, where the run is short and straight forward. Here the two men making the opening are the chief interferers, and they select their men and crowd them apart just as the runner plunges forward into the opening. It is the custom to combine this with the tandem system, running one or even two men through this opening in advance of the man with the ball, and still another man behind him to push. In the event of one or more of the men preceding the runner succeeding in getting through and clear of the line, they are expected to make themselves useful by proceeding down the field and interfering with the halves and back. The run around by the tackle involves a similar method of interference, his opening being made in precisely the same manner as the opening for a running half or back.

But it is in plays around the end or between the end and the tackle that interference is developed in its highest form. Here it is not a question of quickly separating two men for a moment, until a runner can plunge between them and then shift for himself. It is rather a prolonged and continuous blocking off of, it may be, seven or eight men, and some of these not only once, but two or three times in the course of the play, while the runner circles around behind this line of protectors, until, if the play be properly made, he comes flying by the end of that line either at the extreme edge of the field or more frequently far enough inside to go between the opposing end and tackle. The principal study of the play is directed toward the proper timing of it, that is to insure the arrival of first one man, then another, at the previously undefended point just as the runner is passing that point. Theoretically, if one could shift the entire line of forwards toward the end which is being assailed, and keep within that line all the opposing tacklers, he would have a perfect interference for an end run. But practically the opponents refuse to be thus hemmed in, and it is therefore necessary to form a protection for a space of perhaps five yards, and the protection must move as rapidly as the runner behind it. This protecting mass first strikes out across the field for two reasons—first, to move the play quickly to a point where the heavy centre and guards cannot assist in stopping the runner; and second, to allow the runner to get his full speed on. As the protecting mass moves along the line, it reaches a point where the resistance will be weakest, and then presses its weight rapidly in toward the opponents' goal, and the runner performs his circling part, while the one or two interferers he has more closely tied to him either still precede him, or more usually go on toward the opposing end, thus effectually preventing him from coming in to head off the runner. Now it must be remembered that this protecting mass of men is obliged to meet the assaults of the opponents, and still preserve the impregnability of its line. This they must also do without the use of their hands or arms. There are two distinct ways of performing this duty; one is by moving so rapidly and closely that an opponent cannot dart in between them, and the other by running into the opponent and knocking him out of the way. The former always yields the most successful results, because the mass is thereby kept intact much longer; the latter usually results in the falling out, man for man, of the interferers with the men they stop. It is easy to see, however, that so long as the attacking party cannot replace the men whom the interferers tumble over, the result is almost identical, for the runner finally reaches his end even though the last interferer go down with the last of the attacking party. Again, even the swift-moving compact interference is apt to lose one or more men on the way to the end, and there is a great deal of labor involved in teaching them to close the ranks in time to prevent the next opponent from taking advantage of it.

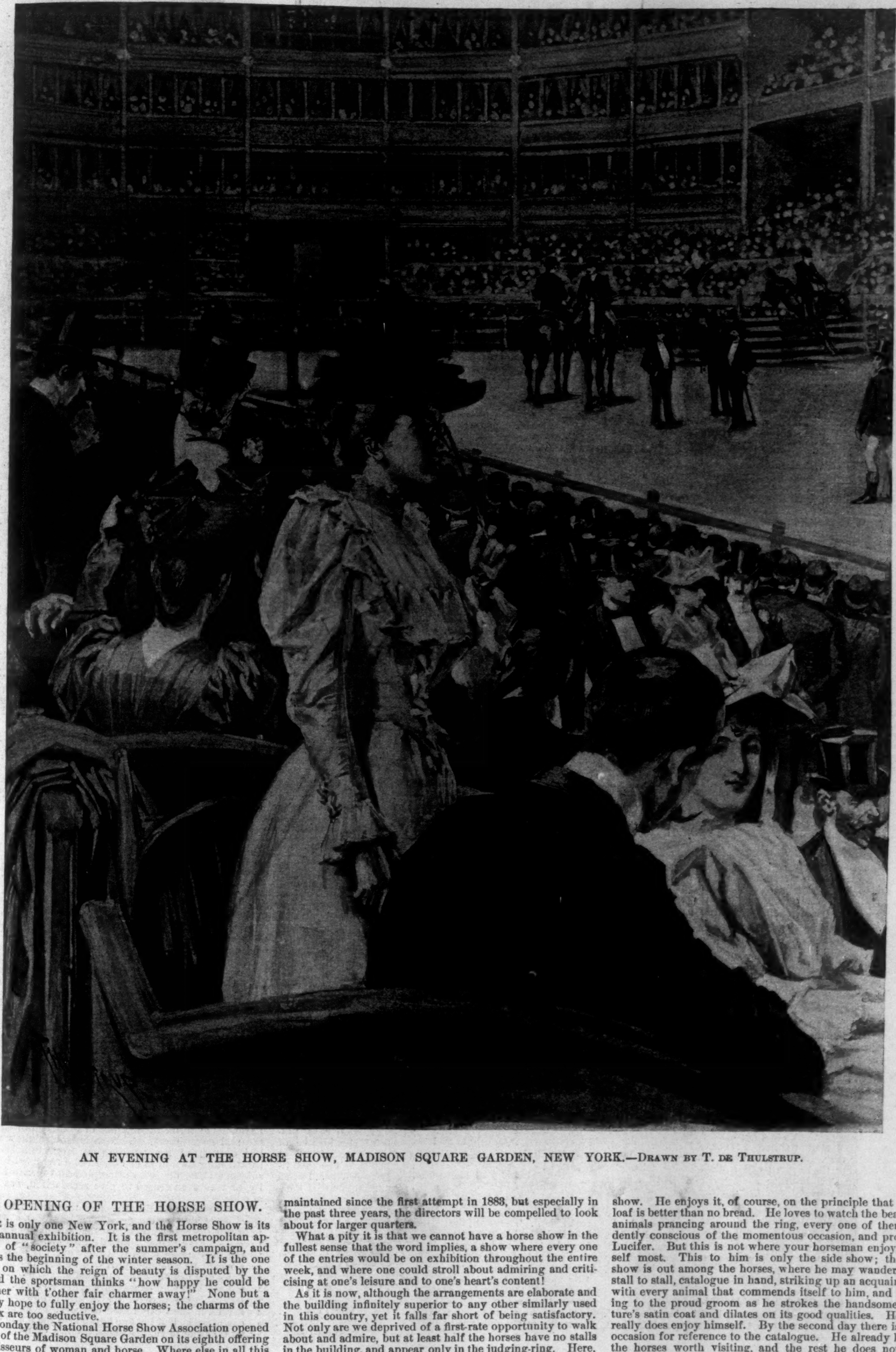
Up to last year the men who went into the interference were drawn from that side of the centre only upon which the play was to be executed, but this season showed the possibility of getting the other guard over to assist, and this will be even more common this fall. Some captains believe in giving each one of their interferers a certain man to take, and it is by far the simplest way to try the play. But it does not follow that it is the best way, and last year's work demonstrated this clearly, so that by another season any such system will be consigned to the category of "has beens" in the football world. It is impossible to give any captain definite advice as to the relative time and speed to set his interferers, because it all hinges upon the individuals involved, but he must bear in mind one fact, and that is that the interfering mass should increase its speed progressively as it goes toward the end, just as the best runner always puts on steam as he nears the point he is to try to compass. One other question which sometimes arises can only be answered by experiment. It is how close should the interference be to the runner? It depends not upon the opponents, but upon the individual desire of the runner, and he ought to be the sole judge. Close interference completely upsets and slows some excellent halves, whereas there are men who want to have the interferers literally against them as they run.

As to the men who can get into the interference, it is a cardinal point that every available man should be drawn over if the time admits, but as a rule the opposite guard is about the farthest to which it can be carried behind the line. The opposite tackle can get through and take a half back, as Newell demonstrated as far back as the year before last. The order then is two guards, a tackle, and an end, thus giving four men; then, a lively quarter, like Dean, King, and perhaps one or two others, have been able to do effective work in preceding the runner. That gives a line of five. Then the extra half and back, who are, however, used more frequently in tandem style, are added to the combination, giving a total of seven men. Lewis and Balliet are examples of centre men who can and sometimes do succeed in making their number eight, and any team that can crowd eight men into the interference may consider themselves as coming close up to the limit if the play is to be made fast.

For all this, the development of the game is such that no one can with safety set any limit to the number engaged in an interference play of the future without giving the entire eleven.


PULITZER BUILDING
WORLD BULLETINS

NEWSPAPER ROW, NEW YORK, ON ELECTION NIGHT.—Drawn by Victor Perard.—[See Page 1121.]



AN EVENING AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE OPENING OF THE HORSE SHOW.

There is only one New York, and the Horse Show is its greatest annual exhibition. It is the first metropolitan appearance of "society" after the summer's campaign, and signalizes the beginning of the winter season. It is the one occasion on which the reign of beauty is disputed by the beast, and the sportsman thinks "how happy he could be with either with t'other fair charmer away!" None but a Stoic may hope to fully enjoy the horses; the charms of the gentle sex are too seductive.

Last Monday the National Horse Show Association opened the gates of the Madison Square Garden on its eighth offering to connoisseurs of woman and horse. Where else in all this great country can we find a duplicate of or even an approach to the scene at the Madison Square Garden this week? Where shall we see $54,000 paid for boxes and 600 such horses? Where but in New York would $800 be paid for a single box, and $1500 offered as a single prize?

If this Horse Show continues to expand at the rate it has maintained since the first attempt in 1883, but especially in the past three years, the directors will be compelled to look about for larger quarters.

What a pity it is that we cannot have a horse show in the fullest sense that the word implies, a show where every one of the entries would be on exhibition throughout the entire week, and where one could stroll about admiring and criticising at one's leisure and to one's heart's content!

As it is now, although the arrangements are elaborate and the building infinitely superior to any other similarly used in this country, yet it falls far short of being satisfactory. Not only are we deprived of a first-rate opportunity to walk about and admire, but at least half the horses have no stalls in the building, and appear only in the judging-ring. Here, indeed, is our one opportunity of getting a look at the horses; but it is only a glimpse, after all, and there are so many to divide one's attention that it becomes a case somewhat like the three-ring circus, with equally distracting and unsatisfactory results.

The true lover of the horse is not satisfied by this passing show. He enjoys it, of course, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. He loves to watch the beautiful animals prancing around the ring, every one of them evidently conscious of the momentous occasion, and proud as Lucifer. But this is not where your horseman enjoys himself most. This to him is only the side show; the real show is out among the horses, where he may wander from stall to stall, catalogue in hand, striking up an acquaintance with every animal that commends itself to him, and listening to the proud groom as he strokes the handsome creature's satin coat and dilates on its good qualities. Here he really does enjoy himself. By the second day there is little occasion for reference to the catalogue. He already knows the horses worth visiting, and the rest he does not care about. Here he may lounge away the morning, when the fashionable throng with horsy chatter and aimless wanderings has not filled up every passage and crowded him out into the human merry-go-round about the ring.

There are over 1000 entries for this year's show, more than double what they were two years ago, and the quality greatly superior, for nowadays there is more culling than in the earlier years of the Association, when entries were scarce and not much discrimination exercised. The improvement, in fact, in our horseflesh the past ten years has been tremendous, and men like the late August Belmont, Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, Henry Fairfax, S. S. Howland, the Hamlins, W. Seward Webb, and Prescott Lawrence deserve the gratitude of American horsemen. Mr. Belmont was a pioneer in the good work, with his magnificent nursery, and his son, the present August Belmont, is a worthy successor to the elder.

There are others who have done as much for coaching, tandem, hunting, and polo—Messrs. J. R. Roosevelt, Frederick Bronson, F. T. Underhill, Eugene Higgins, T. S. Tailer, C. A. Baudouine, Jun., Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., H. L. Herbert, and Foxhall Keene. There are others too, but unfortunately space is limited. There is one other, J. T. Hyde, secretary of the National Horse Show Association, whose labors for these shows have been herculean, and who more than any other one man deserves the credit for their great success.

With the increase of entries the Association has yearly increased its prizes, until it now offers $35,000 for competition, which is quite the largest amount of money given by any horse show in the world. That is something of a distinction for our comparatively young association, and speaks well at least for its prosperity and the generosity of its directors.

This year, too, it offers a third prize in money, which is as unusual as it will be popular among exhibitors. There are 99 classes, besides half a dozen special prizes, which are being considerably increased from time to time. The prize-winning thoroughbred stallion will get $750, and the best hackney stallion, four years or over, to be shown with four of his get, $600. Altogether there are eighteen classes of hackneys, and $6295 in prizes for the winners. Of hunters, the other popular class, there are eighteen first prizes, and $5760 to be distributed. Adding to this the champion class prize of $1000, open to all stallions having taken a first ribbon at any recognized horse show, and it will be seen that the $35,000 is liberally dispensed. It is indeed a great show, as a glance over the following classes will prove.

THOROUGHBREDS.

Heretofore this class has been poorly represented, for the reason that most of the great stallions are located in Kentucky and other Southern States, and the owners, besides wanting the lord of the harem at home, are chary of risking their almost invaluable horses on the long journey. This year, however, there is a brilliant representation in the class, such famous horses as Foxhall, imp. Candlemas (full brother to St. Blaise), imp. Pursebearer, imp. Aintree, Saxony (by Saxon), imp. Lunar Eclipse, imp. Dandie Dinmont (by Silvio), Mikado, Macbeth, being among the entries.

ARABS.

Mr. S. S. Howland shows Leopard, formerly the property of the late General Grant, and Mr. Baldwin, of San Francisco, sends Accionista to fight for honors.

TROTTERS.

For the champion prize, value $1000, in this class, open only to stallions having taken a first ribbon at any recognized horse show, such renowned animals as Haldene, Quartermaster, Mambrino King, Alcantara, and others will go into the ring, and some of these will probably again compete for the $1500 prizes offered for stallions to be shown with four of their get. This is always one of the most interesting classes of the show.

Class 5, for stallions kept for service, has twelve entries, amongst them being such great horses as Lavalard, King Darlington, Alcyrene, Lord Warren, Nutcoast, Chimes, and those entered in the champion class. Fifty other high-bred trotters are entered in the other classes of this section by such well-known breeders as C. McLean (of Rockville, Connecticut), the Woodlawn Stock Farm, the Village Farm, J. G. Davis (of Lee, Massachusetts), Rundle & White, A. B. Darling, W. B. Dickerman, H. M. Littel, George Ferguson, Colonel Lawrence Kip, Joseph Agostini, and A. H. Moore.

ROADSTERS.

This class grows slowly, only twenty horses being entered, including those for the "road rig" prizes, where appointments are to be considered. A round dozen or more exhibitors will show their taste and what they call "road form." Colonel Kip has generally captured these prizes, and will be hard to beat.

HEAVY-DRAUGHT STALLIONS.

These classes never fill as they ought, but this year the Canadians are sending down some of their best, and Robert Davies, of Toronto, Graham Brothers, and other big breeders will make a grand exhibit.

HACKNEYS.

This is the latest, most fashionable, and very useful American craze, which, next to thoroughbreds and trotters, has absorbed more money than any other class; and the hackney is a grand animal, combining pace, action, bone, manners, and good temper.

The entries in the several classes number over one hundred, and include such famous ones as Cadet, just imported by Mr. A. J. Cassatt, at a cost of $15,000; Matchless of Londesboro, purchased by Dr. W. S. Webb, at the same price; Beau Lyons, the property of Mr. T. C. Eastman, and bought by him of Mr. Burdett-Coutts at a big figure; Bonfire, Mr. John A. Logan's great stallion; the old favorite Fashion, so well known in the ring, the property of Mr. Prescott Lawrence; (Nero) Berserker, the property of Mr. W. D. Sloane; Glendale, owned by Mr. F. G. Bourne; Enthorpe Performer, a great prize-winner in England, and to go to the stud farm of Mr. H. L. Higginson, of Boston. Mr. George Green, of the Forest View Stock Farm, the Hillhurst Farm, of Quebec, the Bloodgood Stock Farm, and the Galen Stock Farm are well represented. Mr. C. Weidenfeld, of Philadelphia, has just imported a fashionably bred lot, which will command attention, and Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant and Mr. Winthrop Rutherford have started breeding establishments in Jersey, and will make a good show with their late importations.

COACHING STALLIONS.

Some good stallions will be shown in this class by Dr. W. S. Webb, the Hempstead Farm, Ira L. Otis, Sayer & Hallock, Powell Brothers, and other breeders.

CARRIAGE-HORSES—FOUR-IN-HANDS, TANDEMS, HIGH-STEPPERS.

There are over two hundred and twenty entries in the several classes of these sections, and the judges will indeed be kept busy. Sixteen tandems and a dozen four-in-hands will come before them, among those showing being O. H. P. Belmont, S. S. Howland, W. S. Webb, E. M. Fulton, Jun., A. B. Hilton, T. Suffern Tailer, F. O. Beach, Harry Hamlin, C. F. Bates, F. Gebhard, Amos Ellis, John A. Logan, Jun., George Curtis, and E. Widener. To give a list of the exhibitors in the other carriage-horse classes would be to fill the paper.

PONIES.

The pony classes have filled splendidly, and will strengthen the interest of the little folks begun last year.

SADDLE-HORSES.

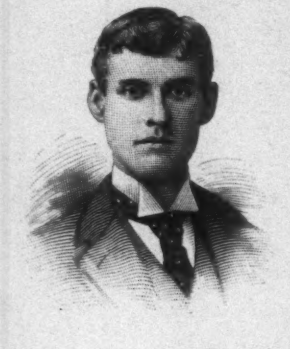
This is always a favorite class with exhibitors, as every man or woman that rides thinks his or her horse a perfect hack. The entries, as usual, are very large; over one hundred horses are going for the prizes.

HUNTERS AND JUMPERS.

These are the classes that delight the visitor and draw the crowd, and they will not be disappointed this year, as every crack hunter in the country has been entered. Such well-known performers as Hempstead, Cohassett, Punch, Lady Lambton, Honest John, The Irishman, Bismarck, Queensberry, The Countess, Sweetheart, Merry Boy, Greybuck, Maud, Red Baron, The Clipper, Jack High, Sunbeam, Tramway, Goldie, Sarchedon, Vandal, Lady Star, Sentinel, Warrior, Fusileer, Transport, Good Boy, Ontario, Oxford, and other clinkers being entered; and amongst the exhibitors are Mayor Grant, F. Gray Griswold, F. Gebhard, S. S. Howland, Stantion Elliot, Harry Martindale, Mitchell Harrison, Sidney Dillon Ripley, Miss Bird, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., H. L. Herbert, Douglas Robinson, Charles Pfizer, Frank Clyde, George Work, Colonel Martin, Richard Palmer, John E. Cowdin, Charles Carroll, George Pepper, J. S. Hewitt, Mrs. Marsland, Vanderbilt Allen, and others.

PERSONAL.

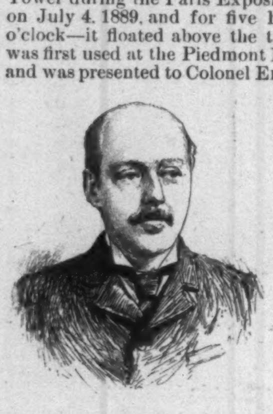
Mr. Harry W. McVickar, the young artist, who will direct the illustration of the new society journal *Vogue*, has been for six years a member of the real-estate firm of S. V. R. Cruger & Co., in this city. He is known to his friends as a good business man who is very clever with his pen and pencil. As a Columbia undergraduate, twelve years ago, he founded a school of illustration for college journals which still survives, and ever since Mr. McVickar has made art a hobby. Now he intends to make it an avocation. He is well acquainted with fashionable life, both in this country and abroad, but in art he is self-taught. Nevertheless, few American illustrators have a greater popularity, the delicately vivacious quality of his work making it particularly acceptable to the *beau monde*. From his boyish sketches in the *Columbia Spectator*, to his carefully finished drawings in the Harper periodicals, and his more ambitious essays in the illustration of Mr. James's *Daisy Miller and An International Episode*, Mr. McVickar has succeeded in pleasing his public. Perhaps his best-known work is *Our Amateur Circus*, a pictorial satire on New York society. Many of the persons included in that term are stockholders of *Vogue*, and Mr. McVickar's latest venture will be watched with interest. *Vogue* is expected to reach the public next month.

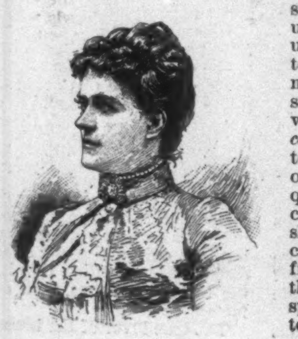


—Mr. Beecher used to amuse himself at times estimating the cost of each individual strawberry raised on his fancy farm, and Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the celebrated contralto, might find similar amusement in computing the cost of the eggs her hens lay. No domestic fowl were ever more luxuriously housed than are the prima donna's chickens. They know the beneficence of hot and cold baths, electric lights, steam heat, hard-wood floors, and all other up-to-date appliances of civilization. The hen-house itself is a two-story structure, its walls ornamented with pictures of fighting-cocks and chickens with a pedigree, and even the roosting-rods are ornamental. The singer's farm, where this interesting sight is to be seen, is a few miles out of Chicago.

—Colonel D. H. Elliott, of Sanford, Florida, has a United States flag that he prizes most highly because it was the only foreign flag ever permitted to fly from the top of the Eiffel Tower during the Paris Exposition. It was unfurled there on July 4, 1889, and for five hours—from noon until five o'clock—it floated above the tricolor of France. The flag was first used at the Piedmont Exposition at Atlanta in 1887, and was presented to Colonel Elliott by Henry W. Grady.

—The Duke of Marlborough, the eighth of his line, who was found dead in bed on November 9th, was a figure of particular interest to Americans, inasmuch as his second wife was a New-Yorker. In 1888 he married the widow of Louis C. Hammersley, who was possessed of the income of a fortune estimated at $6,000,000. The American Duchess (*née* Price) spent large sums of money in refitting Blenheim Palace, her husband's ancestral hall. The son of the late Duke by his first wife, born in 1871, and known as the Marquis of Blandford, will succeed to the title and estates, and it is understood that he has a great affection for his stepmother, who may continue to reside at the ducal palace. The Duchess, however, is now extremely popular in London society, and as she has a magnificent city house on Carlton Terrace, owned in her name, she may choose to take up residence in London.





ALGIERS.

BY MAURICE WAHL.

Is she worthy of the name of a capital, the white El Djezair? No, perhaps not, in the strict sense of the term, for she is not, like Cettinje or San Marino, the chief town of an independent state. But how can we refuse to her the title of capital if it indicate the mistress city, the sovereign town, in which for centuries the history of a whole country has been concentrated, in which one glance is enough to call up the history of the past, to note the features of the present, and to foresee the vague possibilities of the future? In popular parlance, vibrating as it does with echoes from the long ago, to go to Africa is always spoken of as "to go to Algiers." Algiers, three syllables of sonorous softness, was equivalent, not so very long ago in the memory of Latin races, to a vision of quite a formidable array of galleys skimming over the waters like birds of prey, of fleets attacked in the open sea, of coast villages sacked, of vessels boarded, of kidnappings, conflagrations, and the carrying away of captives on the "shores of Mauritania." It was from Algiers that the Barbarossas and their successors, the corsairs of Taïffe and the janissaries of Odjak, made Mediterranean Europe tremble for some three centuries, and held in check the whole of Christendom. It was at Algiers in 1830 that occurred one of the most decisive events of French history in the nineteenth century, when the French, with one blow, overthrew the barbarian state, and founded that African empire, the vast extent of which, ever on the increase as it is, opens to Frenchmen an all but inexhaustible field of national expansion. Who knows but what the day may come when, from the Gulf of Gabes to the Gulf of Guinea, and from the Mediterranean to the Niger, millions and millions of men, of every color and of every race, will speak, think, and feel in French? May not Algiers, rising from the edge of the waves opposite what was once Gaul, and on the threshold of new France, become the heart of a new French dominion?

A wide bay, all but forming a regular crescent, with an *enceinte* of wooded hills, with white houses gleaming among the dark green verdure, is bounded on the right by masses of wave-worn rock, whilst on the left, beyond the hills, which gradually decrease in height, stretch the shining sands of a vast plain, with a distant background of mountains, the outlines standing out distinctly in the clear, vibrating atmosphere, which seems to bathe the whole scene in light. Such is the appearance presented, at first sight, by the Bay of Algiers. The town is built in the northwest corner of the bay, on the further slopes of the Sahel. Cooped up in a narrow space, it bursts upon the sight all at once, its entrance port at its feet, its fine boulevard bordered with arcades, its steep streets and Moorish terraces. And the scene is full of charm, though of charm of a different kind, whether it be seen from the sea or the heights above the town, in the brilliant glow of noonday, or sleeping beneath the stars.

Once a Roman town, then a Berber stronghold, then Arab, the history of Algiers does not really begin until the sixteenth century. On the rocky islet from which Algiers derives its name of El-Djezair, or Al-Jesira, the island, the Spaniards had set up their Fort Peñon, which was "a thorn in its side." The first Barbarossa failed to extract this thorn; but his brother, Khair-Eddin, renewed the attack, took the fortress, razed it to the ground, and used the materials to connect the island with the mainland. Thenceforth Algiers had a port, a small harbor some six acres in extent, protected, after a fashion, from storms and hostile fleets. The Mussulman pirates, delighted to find a shelter on the African coast, at the very gate of the grand Mediterranean routes, and close to the shores of Christendom, swooped down in crowds. The Sultan assumed the protectorate, and sent some of his janissaries. The towns and tribes, full of joy at escaping from the Spanish yoke, submitted to the representative of the Padishah. The regency of Algeria was founded.

The Algiers of the Turks was much smaller than the town of the present day. On the south it did not extend beyond what are now the Boulevard de la République, the Theatre, the Place de la Lyre, and the Boulevard Gambetta. It is surrounded by an unbroken *enceinte* of fortifications, bristling with batteries, towers, bastions, and embrasures, flanked by citadels and forts. Of the appearance of the inside an idea is best obtained by walking round the upper town, which is still comparatively unaltered, retaining the ancient low, flat-roofed houses, from which no sound issues, leaning against each other as if for mutual support and shelter, the domes and minarets of some mosque, or the large trees of some jealously closed garden rising here and there, making patches of shade in the midst of the flood of sunshine. Here, too, the population has changed but little. Now, as before, there are Moors, Baldi, citizens of peaceful record; Jews, hated as infidels, but useful as traders; Arab and Kabyle peasants; Berranis, Biskris, and Mozabites, who are negroes practising petty trades, and carrying on barter on a small scale. From twenty to twenty-five thousand slaves, from ten to twenty thousand renegades, with a few consuls, missionaries, and merchants, whose arrival is of later date, constitute the European element in the population. The *yoldachs*, or Turkish janissaries, alone have entirely disappeared. Recruited in Constantinople and the ports of the Levant, they formed the Odjak, or military power, and were the real government. This turbulent soldiery very soon had enough of the pashas sent from Stambool. They named their own deys or chiefs, who trembled before their subjects. The dey who attempted to exercise his authority, or who even ceased to give satisfaction, was murdered at once.

The founders of the Regency were not really, strictly speaking, pirates. They waged a holy war at sea, falling upon all Christians, much as the knights of St. John fell upon all Mussulmans. But adventurers soon began to flock to Algiers, for they knew that there every resolute and brave man would be welcome, provided he was not hampered by scruples and did not object to assuming the turban; no one would ask him who he was or whence he came. One lucky *coup de main* was enough to give him wealth and fame. He took rank in the Corporation of the Taïffe amongst the *reis* or captains; he had his fine house near the sea in the eastern quarter of the town, his *haouchs*, villas or farms out in the country, his fleets, which he sent forth to win spoil, his slaves who toiled for him, or who formed part of his merchandise. Nowhere could he have enjoyed a happier or a freer life. We can well understand how such a life tempted those who had lost caste in European society, or those brave spirits ever ready to take fortune by storm. In the seventeenth century most of the great reis or captains were renegades from Christianity. They came chiefly from the south, from Spain, Italy, Greece, Corsica, Provence; but there were also Northmen amongst them, such as Soliman from La Rochelle, Dansa the Fleming, and the English Edward. One Piccinino, a Venetian, became Ali-Bitchin, high admiral of Algeria, owner of a whole fleet, with vast inland territories, and three or four thousand slaves. He never went forth without a following of fifty pages in silk costumes gleaming with gold, and a guard of Kabyles armed to the teeth. He cared not a rap for Mohammed or Islam. One day one of his slaves declared that he wished to become a Mussulman. Piccinino had him bastinadoed, and the poor fellow confessed that all he had wanted was a little change from working amongst the galley-slaves. "Thus," says the captive Fleming Aranda, "could Pegelin," as he calls Ali-Bitchin, "boast of having reconverted a renegade Christian by a good flogging." These men, who have flung aside all restraint, do not wish to subject themselves to that of religious hypocrisy; and the people of Algiers, fanatic though they were, dazzled by the state maintained by the adventurers, tolerated their insolence, which was disguised no more than their scepticism.

It was the renegade Simon Dansa who taught the Algerians the use of decked vessels in which they could venture far out upon the ocean. But in the Mediterranean the galley was still preferred. This was a narrow vessel, lying very low in the water, with scarcely any rigging, with none of the castlelike, imposing, but awkward structures in which Christian mariners delighted. The guns, ammunition, and provisions were only what were absolutely necessary; one or two cannons, some shot and powder, biscuits enough for fifty days, a few jars of olive oil or of vinegar, and some barrels of water, which served as ballast. Only one cabin in the stern, to which the reis could retire. Two hundred rowers and about a hundred soldiers took their places on the plank seats. If the wind were favorable out at sea, full sail was set; but when land or another vessel came in sight, the sails were instantly furled, and the skill of the rowers came into play. Nothing was to be heard on board but the brief orders of the reis and the keeping time with the bâton of the overseer of the galley-slaves, with the musical rhythm of one hundred pairs of oars striking the water at regular intervals. The galley seemed to fly. Before a vessel of war it would flee at full speed; for not battle but pillage was the aim of the captain. Merchant vessels were what he sought; Spanish galleons, Italian tartans, Provençal barks. When the threatened vessel perceived the enemy, it was generally too late to escape. If it tried to flee, a volley of artillery would bring it to a stand, and the well-known cry, "*Mena, perros!*" (Yield, dogs!) would soon ring out. Bold indeed was he who dared resist. In most cases sailors and passengers, paralyzed by terror, did not even attempt to defend themselves. A few moments were given by the captors to overhaul the prize, rapidly to estimate the value of the cargo, transship the prisoners, and the galley turned its prow towards Algiers. A few salvoes of artillery announced its return; from the masts, dressed with silken streamers, waved the green pennants, strewn with crescents and stars. The cannons of the forts and batteries replied; the good news quickly spread through the town, and the sailors' quarter was quickly filled with a rejoicing crowd. The robbers returning from their raid were hailed as conquerors.

Piracy was, in fact, the fundamental institution of Algiers; it was the one industry, the one trade, the daily bread of the town. The state's very existence depended on the share it deducted from the profits of piracy. Private speculators invested their money in privateering vessels, bought and sold the captured cargoes, and trafficked with special eagerness in human flesh. The chief centre of commercial activity was at the Badistan, now the Place Mahon, where slaves were put up for sale. Those dressed in fine linen, with white hands, gentlemen, well-to-do citizens, or priests, fetched a good price, as they would probably be ransomed for large sums. As for common people, who were good for nothing but working slaves, their price varied according to their appearance, strength, and age. Once bought, the fate of the captives was not so very hard if they could bear patiently the sorrows of exile and servitude. They did not really suffer much until they were embarked as rowers. Chained to their seats, half naked and half starved, ever in terror of the stick or the sword, the most robust pined away. But this rough experience was only gone through once or twice a year. On land many of the slaves were only employed in light domestic work, and spent much of their time loitering about in the streets. Even in the *bagnes*, or convict prisons, which were half barracks, half places of confinement, where the pashas and chief captains kept their prisoners, they sometimes found merry companions, who infected others with their gayety, or large-hearted men, who forgot their own sorrows in an endeavor to lighten the common misery. The religious Redemptionists, the Trinitarians, founded by St. John of Matha, the Fathers of Mercy, the Lazarites, founded by St. Vincent de Paul, brought salvation to some, and to all a certain amount of the consolation of hope.

The golden age of piracy was the latter part of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, when the power of the Spanish navy was broken, and that of France was still of no account. In thirty years the Algerians took twenty thousand merchant vessels, and captured a million slaves, valued at at least £500 each. After this, however, times became harder and grand strokes of luck rarer. In the eighteenth century the decadence began, and in 1830, when the French at last entered Algiers as conquerors, the wet-docks were nearly empty, the convict prisons deserted, and they found but four hundred captives to set free.

From 1830 the scene changed rapidly, a new town growing up in the midst of the old, enclosing it, overflowing its boundaries, cramping it, and in the end destroying it. It is very much to be regretted that no one thought of respecting and preserving the old town of Algiers, and building quite a new city in the adjoining plain of Mustapha, where the vast circumference of the bay would have allowed of its natural and free development. But how could any one then, or in the immediately succeeding years, work out the grand lines of a harmonious plan, or foresee the far future, when all was uncertain for the morrow? Meanwhile the troops had to be lodged, officials to be installed; immigrants poured in and took up their quarters here, there, and everywhere; buying, selling, building began, and interests were established which had to be taken into account later. Thus, then, the modern town of Algiers grew up day by day under the changing impulses of the moment, according to the growing needs, speculations, and caprices of the inhabitants. Such as it is, in spite of the errors of taste and the shocking disparities it displays, it still remains one of the most attractive corners of the world, with an originality all its own, set as it is in the unique frame-work of the wonderful landscape of which it forms part.

The Place du Gouvernement is the heart of modern Algiers. Imagine a long triangle, the three sides of which are formed by lofty houses, with arcades bright with shops, cafés, and stalls, cut across here and there by passages and side streets. The fourth side breaks the symmetry of the whole. It consists of a white mosque, the Djema-el-Djedid, its battlemented walls surmounted by domes and a cupola, above which rise the delicate outlines of the minarets, whilst beyond we catch sight of a wide vista disclosing the port and the sea, with the summits of Djurjura rising up into the deep blue vault of heaven.

In the streets leading from the Square—the Bab-Azoun, the Bab-el-Oued, and the Boulevard de la République—carriages dash, and heavily laden diligences and omnibuses jolt along with deafening noise. The terraces outside the cafés are crowded; street cries resound above the babble of conversation in many tongues, with an accompaniment of vivacious Southern gestures. In the long avenue of plane-trees opposite the mosque, groups promenade slowly to and fro, following or crossing each other, and now and then mixing together. The day's papers are out; the latest gossip or commercial news is discussed; the despatches from France are commented on or local questions talked over; trade contracts are made. The Square is alike the Exchange and the Forum. A few yards from this busy scene, seated amongst the thicket of palms by the Regency, women chat together, old men and invalids inhale the soft air, idlers indulge in solitary reveries, and down there at the base of the bronze statue of the Duke of Orleans, little Biskri shoeblacks and sellers of Jewish matches, in a word, all the juvenile population of the place, gambol and squabble with shrill cries, whilst full-grown Arab vagabonds carelessly expose their rags for sale in the sunshine.

From each corner of the Place du Gouvernement leads an important street—on the north and east, the Rue Bab-el-Oued, or river gate, and the Rue de la Marine; on the west, the Rue de la Kasba; on the south, the Rue Bab-Azoun.

The Rues Bab-el-Oued and de la Marine are the Algiers of the conquest; in the Rues Philippe d'Orleans, de la Charte, and des Trois-Couleurs we are in the midst of the Monarchy of July. With the exception of these large thoroughfares, the streets are a mere labyrinth of narrow, tortuous, irregular alleys and lanes. The houses of the European quarter, hastily built of bad materials, are already crumbling to pieces, and are crowded together in ugly, unhealthy groups. But it is amongst them that we find, in dark corners, where they have been overlooked by the destroyer with his hammer, the most charming Moorish houses. The fronts of such houses are unpretending enough—bare walls, with but a few windows masked with gratings, a marble portico with a carved cedar penthouse. But the door opens, and one finds one's self in the *skiffa*, a long vestibule, in which one makes out dimly benches against the walls, divided into stalls, with delicate columns and capitals supporting the light arches so characteristic of Moorish work. Beyond this vestibule is a square court, surrounded by an arcade consisting of graceful pillars and horseshoe arches supporting galleries of similar style, but with variations in the form of the pillars, the carvings of the capitals, and the shapes of the arches. The rooms are set back round the central court, and are narrow, badly lighted, and only intended to sleep or doze in. In the half-light the delicate carvings of the wainscots, and the fine mouldings of the walls and ceilings, entice one to examine them, and to trace in the arabesques the delicate workings of Moorish fancy. At the top of the house the white surfaces of the terraces stretch out like screens, impenetrable to the sunlight, and gleam beneath the harsh daylight. From the bottom of the house to the top we see everywhere carved wood, marble, varnished pottery, wonderful linen draperies, marvels of color. From the centre of the court comes the sound of the refreshing splash of a fountain; everything combines to produce an impression of sombre richness, without any discordant effort at show, without any of the paraphernalia of display. This is no decorated palace, in which to hold receptions; it is the private, secluded, Oriental home, arranged with a view to pleasing the senses and resting the mind. Such were, such are indeed still, with the perhaps to some extent necessary though excessive alterations made by their new owners, the houses of Hassan Pasha, of the daughter of the Sultan, and of Mustapha Pasha, which are now the Governor's Palace, the Episcopal Palace, and the Museum and Library, all more open to the daylight, more full of life, than previously, but in which their ancient masters, if they could return, would doubtless miss with regret the voluptuous solitude so fitted for silent meditation.

Two mosques have survived intact in this quarter of the town, the Djama-el-Kebir, or Grand Mosque, very vast, very ancient, but of historic interest alone. The sixty-two pillars dividing the nave and supporting the semicircular arches remind us of the general arrangement of the interior of the Mosque of Cordova, but only as a rough sketch resembles a masterpiece. The Zaonia of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-eth-Thalebi is situated half-way up the hill, its graceful minarets, with rows of little columns, and the gleaming painted tiles rising from the midst of the greenery of the Jardin de Marengo.

There is a tide in the affairs of towns as of men. There was a day when every arrival or every departure of a vessel filled the inhabitants of the marine quarters with tumultuous joy. Now the floating-dock is no longer the scene of disembarkation; gone is the Gate of France, through which filed the old African regiments with lofty shakos gleaming in the sunlight; only a few scattered peasants, and at the hour of prayer a few devout Mussulmans, now pass through the deserted arcades on their way to the Grand Mosque. There is more life in the Rue Bab-el-Oued; on fête-days especially there are crowds of country folk, the men in round shirts and felt hats, the women in thin cloth petticoats and brilliantly colored shawls, with a white silk handkerchief on their black hair. Just within and outside the Gates is the Faubourg de la Canteire, which is the Spanish quarter, where congregate carriers, masons, navvies from Valencia, washer-women, and cigarette-makers. Often the silence of the sleeping streets is broken in the darkness of the night by the noise of nocturnal revellers, or the sound of the guitar is mixed with the nasal notes of a serenade by some Andalusian *novio* or bridegroom-elect.

In the quarter of the Kasba, or Citadel, the inhabitants are chiefly native Mussulmans and Jews, with a sprinkling of French artisans. The Citadel, rising from a height of 120 metres above the sea, originally consisted of an *enceinte* of lofty brick walls enclosing a palace, a mosque, a powder-magazine, a park of artillery, shops, stables, gardens, even a menagerie. Here alone was the Dey in safety, with his 200 cannons pointing, some seaward, some on to the town, some inland. A road was cut right through the Kasba after the siege, and its character thus completely destroyed; now the fortifications, degraded from their original use, are rapidly losing their distinctive features. The famous pavilion in which the last Dey, Hussein, struck the French Consul Deval with his fan and ruined his own cause, is still known as the Pavillon de l'Éventail; but it is rapidly falling into decay, though it has suffered less than many other portions of the Kasba.

Steep streets, parts of them rising in actual steps, known as the Rues de la Kasba, Porte Neuve, and Medée, lead from the lower town to the plateau on which the Citadel was built. If one climbs half-way up any one of them and turns to the right or the left, one finds one's self in a perfect labyrinth of extraordinary alleys, not one of which is level or straight. These alleys run into each other at every turn, now leading up an ascent so steep that one can hardly climb it, then plunging down an all but perpendicular slope. Moorish houses, all of one style, all small, badly built, and wretched-looking, line these passages. With grave mien and measured steps the Moors go up and down the alleys, in full trousers, wide sashes, and light vests, leading by the hand little brown boys in costumes fit for masquerades; then come, perhaps, some native chiefs dressed in ample white garments, setting off their fine bronzed faces and flowing black beards, and relieved by the red ribbon of some decoration and the short morocco-leather boots; then Arabs or Kabyles in filthy burnooses which are never taken off and never washed, hanging in ragged fringes about their long bare legs. Here in his stall, or with his flat basket on his back, is the hawker of sweetmeats, oil-cakes, and fried fish, or of oranges, watermelons, and bananas; the Arab shoemaker making his heelless shoes; the currier cutting out saddle-bags and purses in red leather; the Mozabite grocer with his many-colored *gandoura* and his black face with its long beard and two little shining eyes; the Biskri coal-heaver wearing nothing but an old sack; the *caouadji* looking after his store—all these men of many races, many occupations, are quiet, grave, and rarely indulge in words. Now and then a travelling peddler gives vent to his professional cry, some passers-by pause to greet each other, exchanging a few guttural remarks and ceremonious salaams, or a quarrel arises, when voices are raised and the rich repertory of Arab curses is supplemented by oaths in patois and in French. In the distance we hear a ripple of laughter and snatches of song resembling the chirping of birds, which proceed from a party of women on their way to a Moorish bath, enveloped in the *haik*, which allows nothing to be seen but the upper part of the face lighted up by large soft eyes, and the tiny feet coquettishly shod in fine stockings and patent-leather shoes.

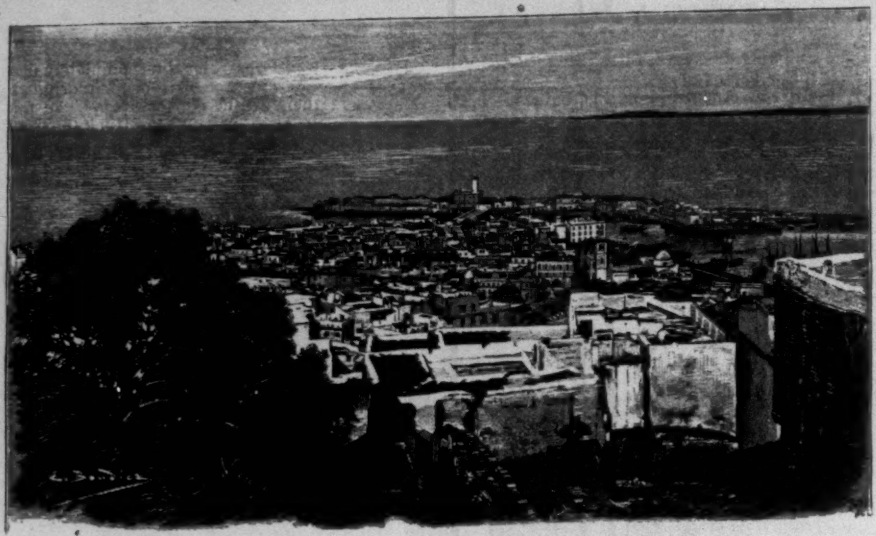
If one wishes to see the upper town at its best, when it teems with life and animation, one must visit it during the Mussulman fêtes, at the Molid-au-Mebee, or birthday of the Prophet, the Beyram, or the nights of Ramadan. When one can no longer distinguish a white from a black thread, the fast is broken and the nocturnal fête commences. The air seems full of a tumultuous joy which mounts to the brain, quickens the pace, loosens the tongue, and increases the compass of the voice. The Moorish cafés, in which every available candle and lamp is alight, are crowded; the flames flicker on painted shelves, cut-out paper, illuminators, little looking-glasses, and fluttering tinsel. The whole quarter is instinct with merriment. Fresh-shaved, and wearing their brightest finery, a tuft of jasmine stuck behind the ear, the musicians beat the *derbouka*, blow sharp notes upon their shrill little flutes, or drone forth melancholy ditties in nasal tones.

There is nothing of this kind about Bab-Azoun. With its new blocks of buildings, its lofty houses four or five stories high, its shops on the model of those in Paris and Lyons, a theatre where the proprietors are rigid in their scrutiny of singers, accepting or declining their services according to merit alone, with processions of promenaders who walk at the same pace at the same time every day, one might be tempted to compare this quarter with the most commonplace provincial towns of Europe. But this first impression does not last. A powerful interest soon enchains the attention. Look attentively at the people who pass; they belong to every race, and yet there are, so to speak, no strangers amongst them. All are parts of the life here; all share in the society of Algiers; all have adopted French manners; all are impregnated with French ideas. You are no longer in an Arab, a Turkish, or a Spanish town; you are in a French city. This Algiers is a living, thinking, working, growing entity. In fact, it is on this side alone that Algiers has developed, scaling the heights, and creeping up by way of the slopes of Rovigo to the foot of the Kasba, spreading beyond the old ramparts on the south, the fauxbourgs of its merchants rising along the shores of the bay.

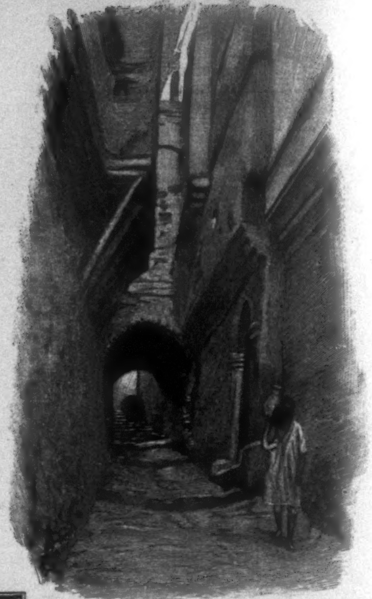
If in search of the picturesque in scenery, Bab-Azoun, with its gates opening on to the country, and its Boulevard de la République suspended, so to speak, above the sea, will meet our need. Down below are the green slopes and the winding roads, where each turn reveals a new horizon bounding a wide view, and little shady paths or old Roman highways buried amongst the trees, fresh valleys and wild ravines overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. Here, spread out beneath the balustrade of the vast balcony, we see the wide ocean, with the long line of docks, quays, and warehouses, with great wagons on their way to unload, and crowds of merchants, commissionnaires, and messengers hurrying to and fro. Beyond lies the port, with steamers coming in and out, passengers hailing them, boats threading their way in and out, the rattling of windlasses, the blowing off of steam, and now and then, above all these other noises, the mighty voices of the sea and the wind. Far away in the north gleams the limitless distance, dotted here and there with white sails or the smoke of steamers. Sometimes when the sun sets behind the town the bay glows as with the reflection of a conflagration. For a few moments the whole ocean is of a rose-color; but the sky soon pales, its glowing tints fade and die away, swallowed up by the twilight.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

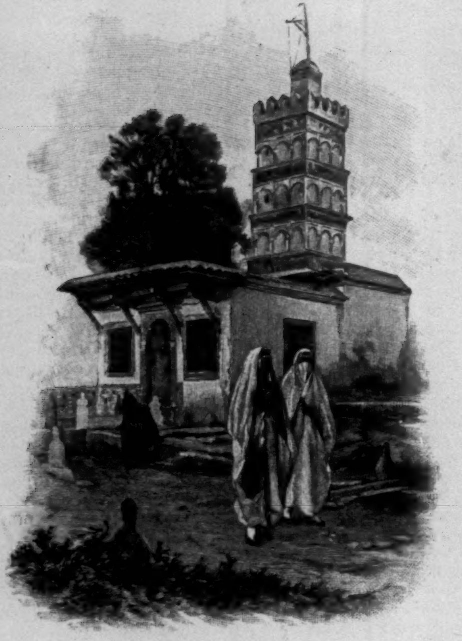
PARIS.—No. 1837.
By François Coppée.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841.
By E. Melchior de Vogüé.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846.
By Pierre Loti.
ROME.—No. 1850.
By Gaston Boissier.
GENEVA.—No. 1856.
By Édouard Rod.
ATHENS.—No. 1859.
By Comte de Moüy.
PEKIN.—No. 1862.
By General Tcheng-Ki-Tong.
CAIRO.—No. 1864.
By Camille Pelletan.
BERLIN.—No. 1866.
By Antonin Proust.
LONDON.—No. 1868.
By Sir Charles W. Dilke.
VIENNA.—No. 1869.
By Madame Adam.
MEXICO.—No. 1872.
By Auguste Génin.
CHRISTIANIA.—No. 1873. By Harald Hansen.



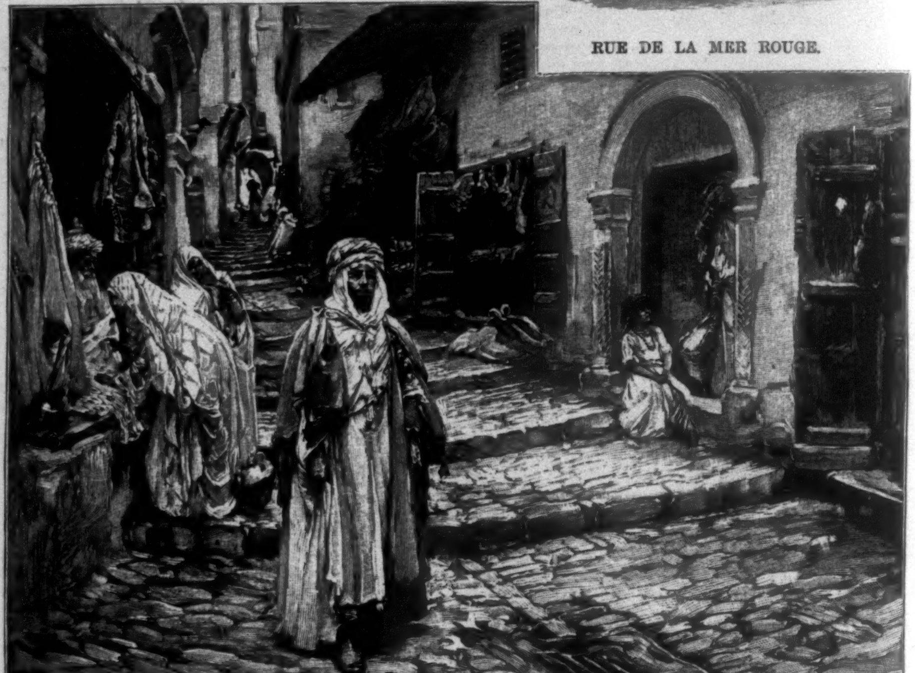
VIEW FROM THE KASBA.



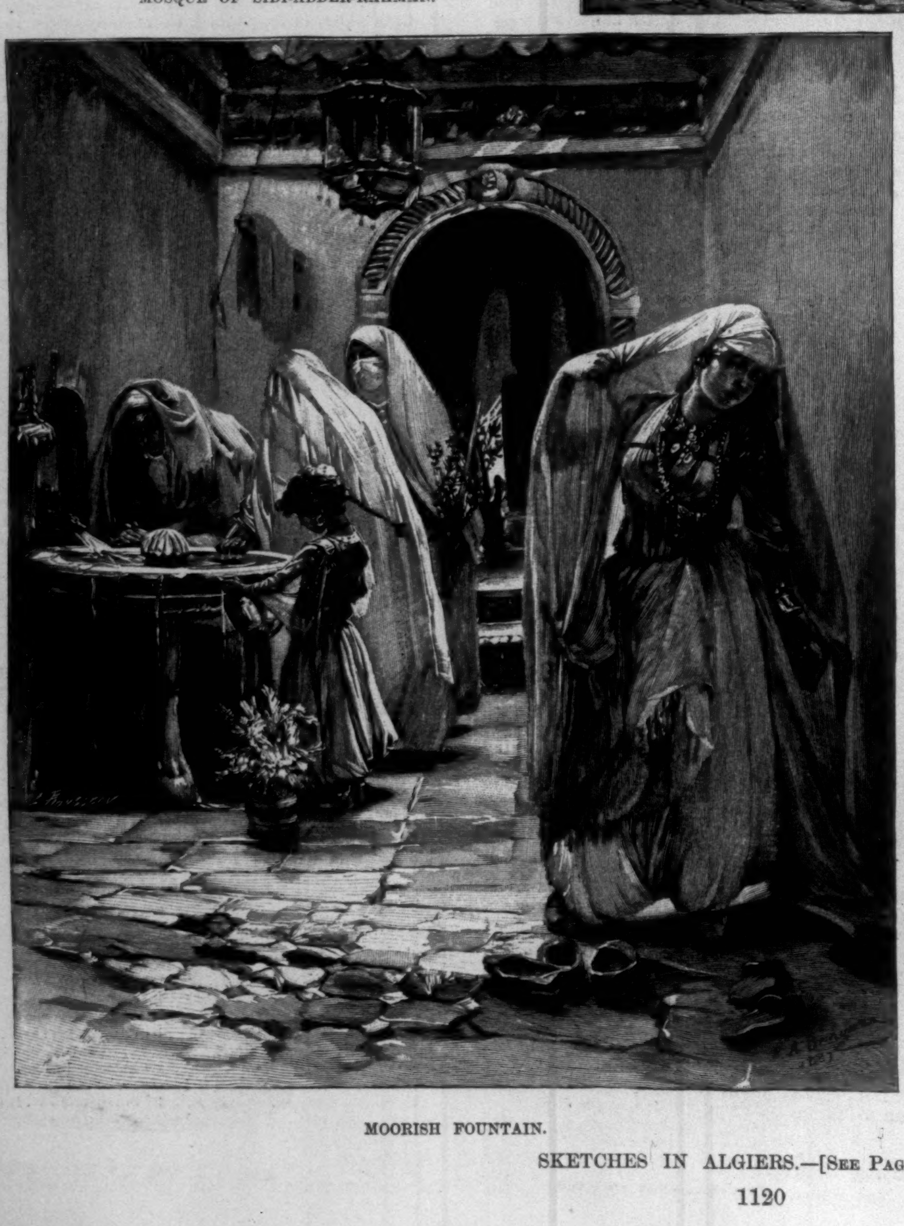
RUE DE LA MER ROUGE.



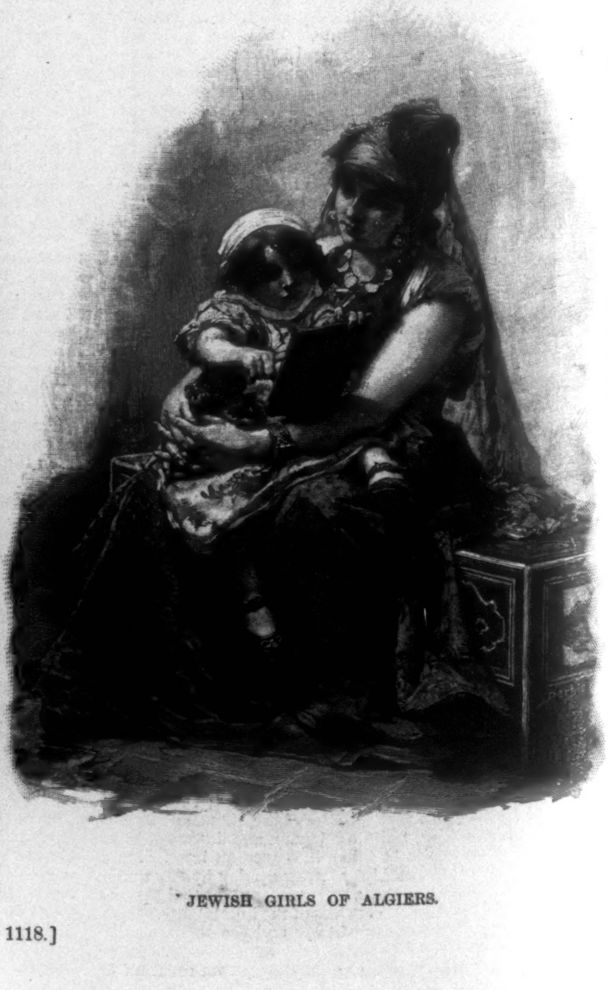
MOSQUE OF SIDI-ABDER-RAHMAN.



RUE DE LA KASBA.



MOORISH FOUNTAIN.



JEWISH GIRLS OF ALGIERS.

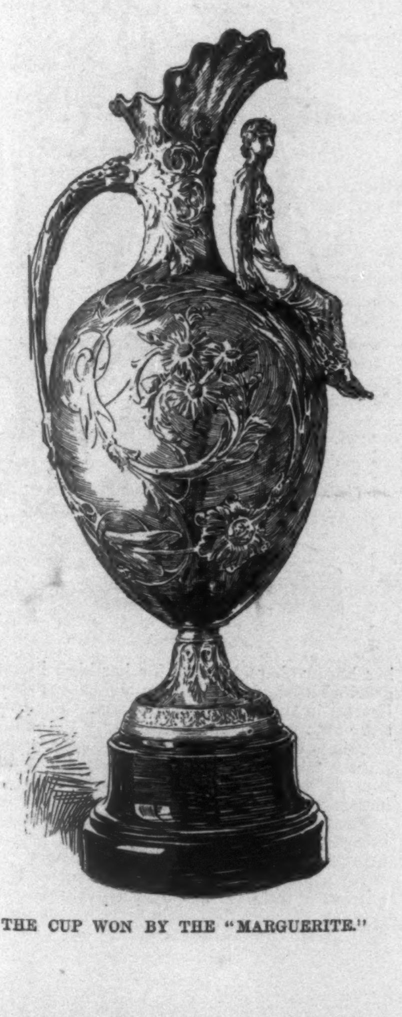
SKETCHES IN ALGIERS.—[See Page 1118.]

THEODORE CHILD.

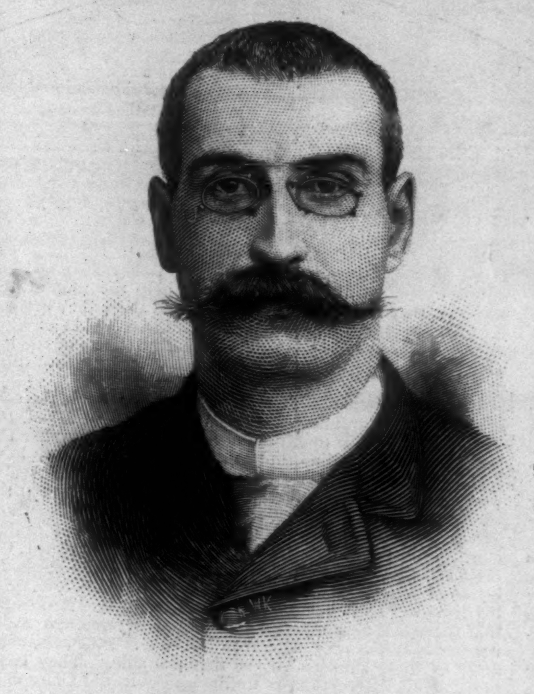
THE London *Times* of November 7th announced the death in Persia of Theodore Child, the accomplished writer and distinguished traveller. The Messrs. Harper & Brothers, upon whose service Mr. Child was on his way to India, had heard from him at Tabriz, where he had been sick with cholera, but had recovered. They hoped that the report of his death was founded upon the illness from which he had recovered. But the hope was vain, for the report has been confirmed. Mr. Child died between Julfa and Marg, ten miles south of Ispahan, Persia, on the 2d of November, of typhoid fever. Ispahan is some six hundred miles south of Tabriz, where Mr. Child had the cholera, and his companion, Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the artist, had cholerine. They arrived in Tabriz on the 19th of August, and left there on the 12th of September for Teheran, where they stopped a little, and resumed their southward journey on the 8th of October, when they started for Buskire. The purpose of Mr. Child's journey was to write a series of papers for HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Living India." These were to have been illustrated by Mr. Weeks. The route chosen by Mr. Child was of his own selection, and taken against the advice of his friends. When the trip was first contemplated it was presumed that he would go to India in the ordinary way, but he chose instead to go by way of Baku and Teheran, and enter by the back door so as to see something in the beginning of the game of war and Oriental diplomacy that the Russians and English are playing there. This was a trip of great hazard, for it was well known months before Mr. Child set out that the part of Persia through which he must pass was ravaged by an epidemic of cholera.

At Constantinople he found that he would have to modify his programme as to particulars, though in a general way he adhered to it. "This dreadful cholera quarantine, etc., upset all our plans," he wrote to a friend in Paris. Continuing, in the same letter, he said: "We determined to ride from Trebizond across Asia Minor, and so enter Persia from the northwest. This plan we carried out with much pesterment from the Turks and much hardship. However, it was an interesting and curious ride over mountains and mountains and nothing but mountains for nearly six hundred miles. We were constantly threatened by Kurds, but they did not attack us." On the same day, September 6th, that the letter from which the above is quoted was written, Mr. Child also wrote to a member of the firm of Harper & Brothers. He said: "We arrived here (Tabriz, Persia) three weeks ago, after a ride of between 500 and 600 miles from Trebizond—a most interesting and curious journey, which will make an absolutely novel magazine article. Nothing of the sort, I think, has ever been written up. Weeks has made some fine pictures for it. Well! no sooner had we reached Tabriz than we found that the people had fled from the city on account of cholera. Bank closed—telegraph closed—all the doctors fled—no Europeans left. We found ourselves literally in the street without shelter. In these parts, you must remember, there are no hotels. Finally we discovered an American Mission House and a heroic lady doctor. This lady took pity on us, gave us rooms in the mission house, and as soon as we got our traps in, Weeks fell sick with diarrhœa, from which he recovered in forty-eight hours, and I fell sick with violent Asiatic cholera, from which I am just now recovering. I had a narrow escape of dying, and if it had not been for the constant care of the missionary doctor I should have gone over to the majority. However, I am now pulling through all right, and in a week or ten days we hope to continue our journey."

Mr. Child and Mr. Weeks left Tabriz on the 12th of September, and no further particulars of their journey have arrived than that they left Teheran on the 8th of October, and that Mr. Child died on the 2d of November. In Tabriz the American missionary doctor, who was at her post when all the Europeans and native medical men had fled, was Miss Mary E. Bradford, of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. In a letter from Tabriz to Mr. Lucas, of Paris, Mr. Child showed that the events of the journey up to that point had rather discouraged him, and he announced his intention of never again going so far away from European civilization. He said: "However, when it is all over, and when one is safe home again, one is so glad to have done the thing, though I must say that so far Persia, with its mud walls—mud houses—all mud—does not charm me. This town of Tabriz has more than 200,000 inhabitants, and not a single monument. Ten square miles of mud houses, interspersed with poplar trees, and twenty-five miles of Bazar passages! It is a wretched hole, but airy and healthy—the more so, now that the cholera is over and the weather is getting cool and fresh."



THE CUP WON BY THE "MARGUERITE."



THE LATE THEODORE CHILD.

Mr. Child had a very wide acquaintance among the artists and literary men of Paris, where he had lived ever since finishing at the University of Oxford, about twenty years ago. He went to Paris as the correspondent of the London *Telegraph*. Later, he wrote for the London *World* and for the London *Illustrated News*. During his long residence in Paris he was a close student of art, about which he has long written with authority. He was a close friend of the late Mr. Huntington, Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Huntington introduced Mr. Child to Mr. Dana, who appointed him Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun*. This was the beginning of Mr. Child's American connection. For ten years past he had acted as agent in Paris for the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and for HARPER'S MAGAZINE he wrote a number of articles on a variety of topics. His most notable series in the MAGAZINE was that on "The Spanish-American Republics." This series was put in book form, and is a valuable contribution to literature. In its timeliness it was very lucky, as soon after Mr. Child had finished his journey through South America there was an epidemic of revolutions in that hemisphere. His other books were *The Tsar and His People; or, Social Life in Russia*, *The Praise of Paris*, *Art and Criticism*, *The Desire of Beauty*, *Delicate Feasting*, and *Summer Holidays*. All of these books were published by Harper & Brothers.

As a descriptive writer Mr. Child was very graphic, and made his readers see clearly what he told about. But he himself was probably more interested in the critical side of his work. Whatever he undertook he studied carefully and thoroughly, and therefore his criticisms were valuable and had authority. When he wrote anything about Paris, or wrote of things in Paris, the *Figaro* was in the habit of translating his articles and giving them in full. Indeed, he understood Paris and French life as few foreigners ever do. He had so mastered the language that he thought in it, and a careful reader of his English will occasionally notice an expression that betrays a growing habit of thinking in French. He knew well nearly all contemporary French, English, and American artists and men of letters, and was esteemed by these for his cultivation, his wit, his geniality, and kindliness. In his criticism he was just, without severity, and it is not known that he ever offended by his writing any one save the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. For many Americans who went to Paris every year that place will not seem the same now that he will no longer be there. Almost a giant in stature, a very giant in vitality and enthusiasm, it is hard for those who knew and loved Theodore Child—and all who knew him loved him—to realize that he is no more. But he has left behind him most pleasant memories and an enduring fame.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

EVERYBODY was out in full force on election night to find out just what the will of the people was. As the news arrived little by little, the populace went mad with delight. The various crowds, which gathered at different points, seemed mainly Democratic, and as their chances of victory seemed to increase they developed a lung power that was simply deafening. Most of the theatres read the early returns from the stage or had the despatches displayed in the lobby, and it was a strong play that held the general interest betweentimes. At one place the first full State returns came in from Georgia, which was estimated as having gone Democratic by 100,000, and the people seemed pleased. It might have been supposed that Georgia was one of the doubtful States.

By the time the theatres were out, the city was fairly wild with enthusiasm. Tin horns appeared, and little bodies of men walked up and down the streets singing,

"Who are we? Who are we?
We are out for Grover C!"

varying the refrain with,

"Four—four—four years more!"

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, which is regarded as the Republican meeting-ground, was as gloomy as could be imagined, considering the fact that thousands of enthusiastic Democrats were just outside the doors, doing their very best to make things lively. The Democratic rendezvous, the Hoffman House, was simply packed with happy, smiling, confident men, and it took a long time to get through the crowd in the corridor. I wonder that some people did not expire of an excess of happiness by midnight. Of course, as in all New York crowds, good-nature reigned. Just as long as you were willing to be stepped on and jostled, and smile when the horn brigade came along and passed in close proximity to your ear, why, then you were all right, and, as far as I saw, everybody was pleased to take anything that came along, except discouraging returns, and there were none of these. Not long after eleven the search-light of the New York *Herald* blazed forth from the tower of the Madison Square Garden. If it pointed south, so the paper had explained, Cleveland had carried New York. There was a moment's wavering as the light got in position—there seemed to be some uncertainty—and then a broad ray shot to the southward. To the accompaniment of a song from *Wang* some of the crowd sang the couplet that has been so popular during the last campaign.

A well-known Democrat entered the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and, gloom being everywhere visible, went up to the sphinx-like policeman.

"Quite a landslide, eh?" remarked the smiling Democrat.

"Landslide?" returned the officer, with a grin. "Too cold for that, sir—it's an avalanche"—which was good for the policeman.

During an interval of waiting, while the crowd at Madison Square was silent, a well-dressed man held up a carnation. "If there is a Republican here," he cried, "I would like to give him this—I want to see one."

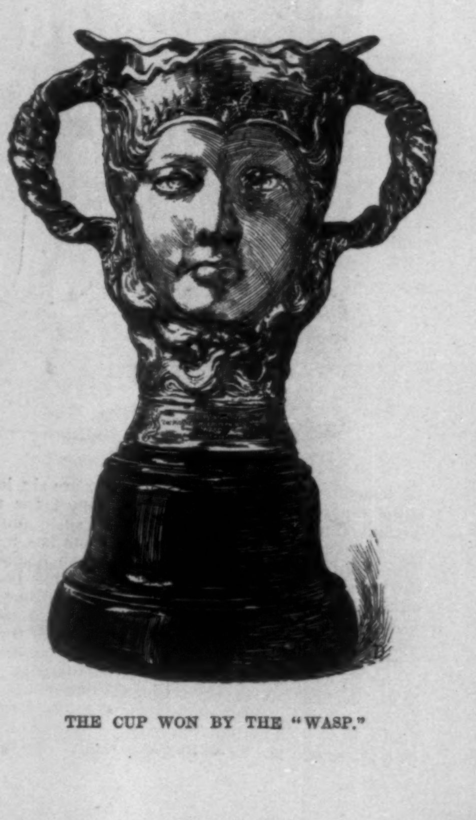
A young man pressed forward. The flower was handed over to him, and the elderly man took his hand. "Proud to know you, sir," he said—"proud to know you. No hard feelings, but—excuse me—are you old enough to vote?"

Down-town, along Newspaper Row, were other crowds that filled the street and spread over into City Hall Park. Those who gathered in front of the Republican newspaper bulletins took comfort in the fact that Maine was undoubtedly safe, and that Vermont had declared for protection. But the claims of the Democratic papers were so overpowering, and finally so convincing, that many of the crowd had left by two o'clock, satisfied that a Democratic President had been elected.

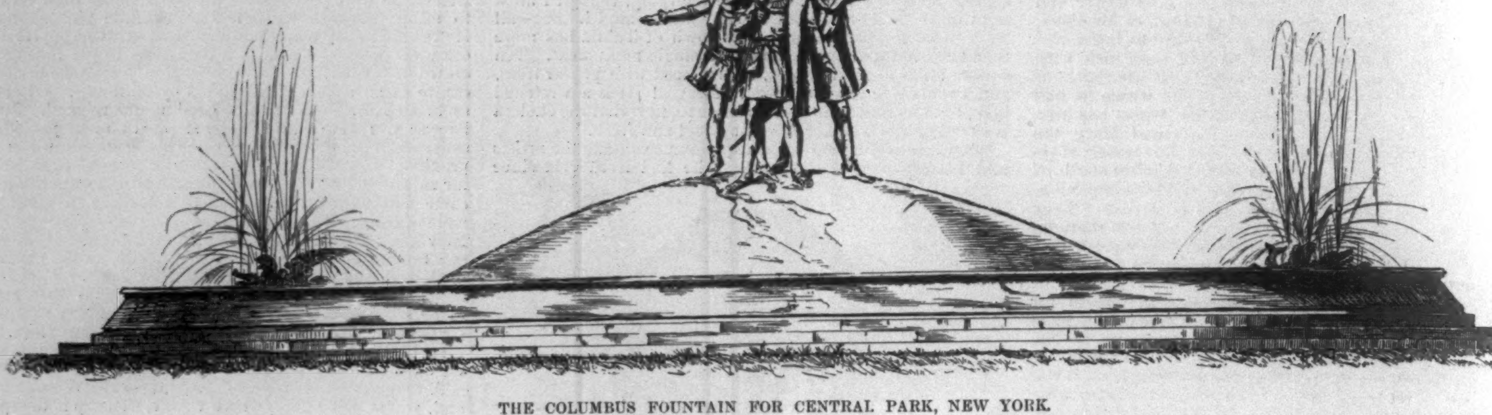
An amusing feature down-town was the figures of the two candidates on parallel ladders, which extended eighty feet in air in front of the *World* building. These figures were moved up and down the ladders by means of ropes as the returns varied. When it was finally known that Mr. Harrison was defeated, the rope which held his representative was cut, and it fell to the ground with a dull thud.

THE COMMODORE'S CUPS.

THE cups that were sailed for off Marblehead, Massachusetts, in August, by the yachts of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs, have been made by the Whiting Manufacturing Company of New York. The $1000 cup was won by the schooner *Marguerite*, which covered the triangular course of thirty-six miles in 4 hrs., 49 min., and 5 seconds. The $500 cup was won by the sloop *Wasp*, over the same course, in 5 hrs., 21 min., and 2 seconds. The *Marguerite* is the property of Mr. R. S. Palmer, and was one of the last boats designed by the late Mr. Burgess. The *Wasp* was built by the Herreshoffs, and belongs to Mr. Archibald Rogers. The prize for the *Marguerite* is a large silver pitcher. In front, seated on the upper swell of the body of the pitcher, is a figure of the lost Pleiad, Electra, holding a wreath in the left hand. The body of the piece is decorated with large scrolls in repoussé, terminating in a bunch of marguerites. The height of the pitcher with the base is thirty-four inches. The prize for the *Wasp* is a large silver loving-cup and base, twenty inches in height. It is in the form of a Greek rhyton, the heads of Neptune and Venus Aphrodite in repoussé on either side, the side handles being formed of the hair of the two heads twisted together. These cups, which are beautiful in design and handsome in workmanship, were given by Elbridge T. Gerry, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and inscriptions on each set forth this fact, together with the time of the winner, the length of the course, and the direction of the wind on the day of the race.



THE CUP WON BY THE "WASP."



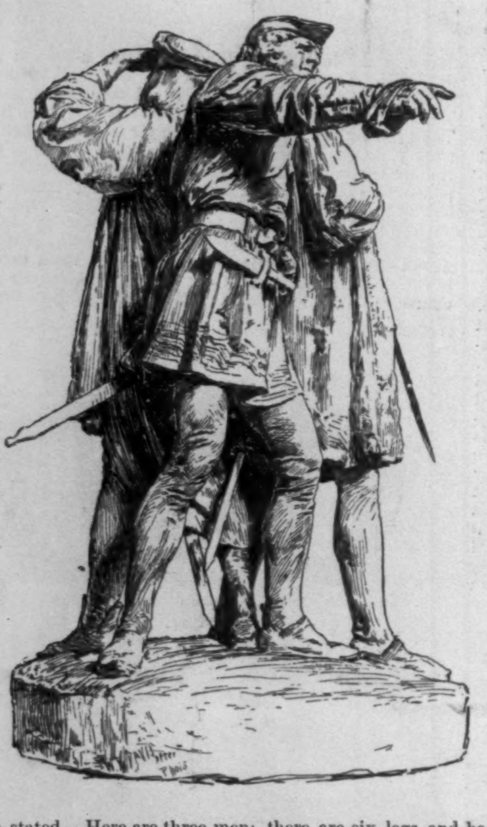
THE COLUMBUS FOUNTAIN FOR CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE COLUMBUS FOUNTAIN.

The sketch on paper of what is to be the sculptor's work is before you. It is understandable within certain limitations because you accept through education what is more or less conventional. Unconsciously you have gone more than half way to meet it. But if ever the statue is made, no such help is given you. In stone or metal, it is the absolute truth which faces you. Then the slightest error of pose, escaping you in the drawing, becomes awkwardly aggressive. The painted figure fronting you has no back inviting scrutiny. For the statue, at the first glance, you call into play the best trained of the senses. You can carry on no trickery with your chisel on the marble. The fluid metal follows the exact contour of the mould, and bronze declines cajolery.

It is when the model is completed that the idea of what is to be the statue or the group is understandable. Then the artist has transformed his conceptions. It may be as a new work to you. What was at first but a linear tracery has now breadth, thickness, and such approach to solid proportions as marble or bronze will give.

These artistic preliminaries, often enough expressed, were indicated in Harper's Weekly of June 11th of this year, when an article appeared, entitled "The Columbus Fountain for Central Park." For illustration there was a sketch furnished by the sculptor, Mr. Fernando Miranda. The project is for the erection of a fountain having a stone basin 100 feet in diameter. From the centre rises the globe. On a special portion of the sphere Christopher Columbus stands with his two captains, Martin Alonzo and his brother, Vincente Yañez Pinzon. The total height of the globe and the figures above the level of the water is to be 29 feet, and the figures themselves are 16 feet in height. The material is to be of bronze. The proposed site of the fountain is the plaza at the entrance to Central Park, New York. To-day Mr. Miranda has put the finishing touch to his model, and the two illustrations show different sides of the group. The one with the Columbus to the front is to face Fifth Avenue. Studying that model, which, when enlarged in bronze, will make the figures twice and two-thirds the normal size of the man, the many difficulties the artist had to overcome may be stated. Here are three men; there are six legs, and besides that there must be some support for the bodies. Technical troubles have been cleverly surmounted. There is no plexus of legs, and the tripod form has been evaded. The figures stand naturally, so that each one supplements the other. An endless amount of study has been lavished on the dress of the men of the close of the fifteenth century. There is no possible error as to costume. If we may be in some doubt as to the authenticity of any of the Columbus portraits, there is no question as to cloth or silk or furs or cut of dress of the period. Such peculiarities of even the lesser decorations of skirt of tunic have been faithfully copied. Arms, accoutrements are absolutely realistic. Industry as to such matters is a duty. Any anachronism would be a grave and not to be forgiven fault. We do not accept as a true artist any one who is not the painstaking student of the epoch he illustrates. It is to help the painter, the sculptor, that museums are founded, and there they become faithful copyists. The genius of the artist lies in another direction, in something not to be found in masks of the human countenance, or in damasks, embroideries, sword hilts, or daggers.



What Mr. Fernando Miranda has sought for is the conception of the grandest feat men ever accomplished, the one in which Spain took the leading part. Christopher Columbus was an Italian, but the New World would have remained unknown for years, unsuspected, but for Spain. Ferdinand and Isabella believed in the man who sought the shorter route to the Indies, but in no less a degree did those two brothers, the Pinzons. Without the Pinzons, Columbus might have died unknown to fame. Call, if you please, Columbus a man wrapped up in dreams, as "one who guessed;" he dared, though, to do that which no man before him, starting from southern Europe, had ever attempted. Remember that though it all happened four hundred years ago, men's natures have changed since then but little. Study the character of these Pinzons on the material side. They faced peril, death, destruction, as unflinchingly as did Columbus. They had just as much to lose as the Discoverer, and something more. From what we learn to-day, Martin Pinzon staked his entire fortune on the venture. It looks now as if it was with his money that the expedition was organized. Columbus had traits singular to himself which fitted him for his special work. With his religious fervor, his mysticism, the quality of the promoter, as we call it to-day, was entirely wanting. The greatest stroke of good fortune he ever met with was when he found the Pinzons. Here were the two captains possessing certain mental attributes Columbus was wanting in.

History makes it plain that Columbus was wellnigh hopeless when the Pinzons took vigorous hold of his plans. Studying the economic conditions of Palos, there is no reason to suppose that there was much wealth there, or that the Pinzons had great means at their disposal. But what little they had they offered. They appreciated the risks, for they were practical men, and were undoubtedly stronger-minded in the world's ways than was Columbus. They showed that unflinching courage, that superb self-reliance, which are the finest qualities of the Spanish race. The royal sanction was something. It gave the expedition honor and some little money. Discarding anything like a sordid view of the case, what was there discreditable if the Pinzons took a business idea of the expedition?

I enter thus purposely into the details of the character of the Pinzons, their action, which seem confirmed by the most recent researches. Seeing Mr. Miranda's group, I place these Palos ship-masters on higher ground than that which has heretofore been given them. Those two elements tending towards success were happily blended in the Pinzons. Martin, the elder, had held responsible positions. He was careful, cautious. As the capitalist, he was Columbus's partner. Why should Martin have risked death or beggary indifferent as to any returns? If he came back safe to Palos, there was glory and prosperity for Spain, and something towards the further establishment of his own fortunes. He might become the great shipping-master of Palos. Risking so much, he never could have been miserly, nor greedy of gain.

The younger man, Vincente, was a true Andaluz. He had push, pluck. He was a gallant captain. He had the immense advantage of youth, for he knew that good fortune, the jade, despised gray hairs. To him the Indies may have meant some gold, but much of glorious adventure. What might satisfy his elder brother was not everything to him. He showed the stuff he was made of when afterwards he struck out for himself, and skirted the unknown Brazilian coast.

Why should we blame Martin Pinzon? Are we so certain to-day that he did not believe that Columbus and his ship had foundered in that terrible storm? Was it unnatural that, having sighted the Spanish coast after his tempestuous voyage, he should have sought a harbor for his rotten ship in Barcelona or anywhere? Had Portugal only laid hands on his craft, or the one Columbus was sailing in, what would have become of the discoverers?

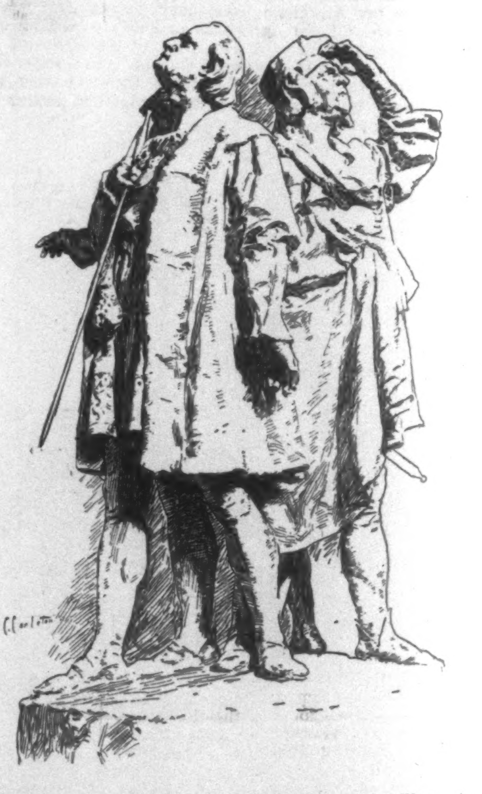
Why deem it as an inclination to lessen the marvellous performances of the Genoese by placing the acts of the Pinzons in their proper light? History sometimes rears a monument to a single man, and scarcely gives to others who were his helpers or coadjutors the honors of a pedestal. It is the salient trait in this fine monumental work of Mr. Miranda that the honors are shared by two Spaniards. They are not ciphers. All three represent Spanish glory—the great unprecedented event, that one thing Spain did, never to be forgotten, which changed the future of human events.

In the group it is Columbus who reverentially clasps the hilt of his sword, which is crosslike in form. He thanks God for the discovery. He thinks less of his own glory, his admiralty, than the coming crusade. If he has a thought of wealth, it is for the equipment of knights and squires who are to scourge the Islamite from the holy sepulchre. It is Martin Pinzon who, with hand to brow, shades his eyes. It is a character of strong will and determination. It is the quiet elation of an elderly man. At last the heavy risk he has run may bring some returns. If he ever sees Palos harbor again there will be, in the time to come, caravels crowding the quays. He is to make it the great port of Spain. He is proud that at his age he should have in person accomplished such an action. He studies the situation in that one glance. He is still the grave, dignified old Spaniard, holding in restraint his enthusiasm. But Vincente! There is the happy contrast. He has the spring of burly youth. With one hand he tugs at his girdle, with the other he points to the horizon, where there are emerald isles. Beyond may be the mainland. If he lives he will reach it. He is not to be restrained. Vincente is typical of that great future, of the conquest of a New World. He is the young Spanish prince of adventure, brimful of gallantry.

That is about the story these three fine figures tell. What the Genoese conceived, then, Martin and Vincente carried out. The three forces differed widely, but only by their combination was the great deed done.

Now as to the ways and means, the money necessary for the erection of this fine work. It is the ambition of the Spanish-speaking race in America that this fountain shall be a gift of theirs to the city of New York, and the old country, Spain, that great mother of heroes, stands ready to help. The bronze wanted for the monument is 20,000 pounds. All this metal will be forthcoming as a free gift. The republics of Mexico, Columbia, Honduras, have already sent their old cannons to New York. In some cases where bronze ordnance is not procurable ancient church bells will be substituted. Spain has offered to supply from her arsenals all deficiencies in metal, a special act having been passed for this definite purpose. Mr. Fernando Miranda, the artist, gives the labor of years without reward. Mr. Juan N. Navarro, the Mexican consul, with Mr. Arturo Baldasano y Tapete, the Spanish consul, are doing all they can to further the project. The latter gentleman, now in Spain, is the ardent representative of the plan. His excellency Don Enrique Dupûy de l'Orne, the Spanish minister at Washington, has expressed for his own country the warmest approval of the monumental fountain, its intention and purpose.

For defraying certain expenses the proposition is made to hold a fair in New York, and to this the young King of Spain, the Queen, and the Infanta will send gifts. From the youthful King will come a present of toys; from the Queen, embroideries, precious as the work of her hands. The Queen, as the first lady in Spain, is distinguished for her happy character, and for her high literary ability. As gracious as she is considerate, she has expressed her warmest interest in the Columbus fountain. The Infanta, whose artistic ability is recognized, will give to the fair sketches and drawings executed by herself. Under such fortunate auspices, a fair given by the South American and Spanish citizens of New York would be the means of securing all the money requisite for the Columbus fountain.



The Colon-Cervantes Club, of New York, has by no means arrogated to itself the management of this important business, though the primal idea may have originated there. With a numerous membership, composed of many of our citizens of different nationalities, from its being a corporate body, it has been best able to bring the matter of the fountain under the consideration of our own city authorities.

All it can do is to enter heart and soul into the project, and through its varied membership present the project in its patriotic light to friends in South America and in Spain. There is something superb in this idea of fusing together cannon and bells for an everlasting monument commemorative of the debt we owe to the Spanish-speaking race. It is flattering to us that New York should have been chosen as the city where a glorious achievement shown in monumental form is to be reared.

To-day, Mr. Miranda's complete plan for the Columbus fountain is before the Park Board, and the photographs of the group of statues, with details, have been referred to the art committee. If the plan is accepted, and there is no good reason why it should not be, the work of the artist leaving nothing to be desired, no time will be lost by those having the erection of the fountain under their charge.

The incident of the proposed dedication of the Columbus fountain will be dramatic in effect. The three captains, who are to leave old Spain sometime in 1893, will cross the seas in their ships, and on arrival in New York, will unveil the figures of the three captains who tracked the seas in their caravels in 1492; and then there will be communion between events divided by 400 long years.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

A TOAST.

FILL up your glasses, let the bright wine flow,
As sunset fades to afterglow,
And drink with me to those we hold most dear,
Present or absent, far or near.
Let every sip recall a thought of love,
Pure as the nectar of the Gods above;
Let every wish be heartfelt and be true;
Banish all anger that we ever knew;
And drink with me a bumper to the thought
Of those we love, of those we ought
To wish all brightness on life's weary way,
And that their morrow prove a fairer day
Than any past, than any that has been.
Drink to this toast, and say with me, Amen.

S. S. HOWLAND.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

AWAY in the sea, oh, I wonder where,
Somewhere, somewhere in the waters blue,
Where the winds are soft and the skies are fair,
In a mystic country no man ever knew,
My ship rides safe in a dreamy calm;
Perhaps by an isle where the lotus grows,
Perhaps by an isle of the spreading palm,
Perhaps — who know? Ah, yes, who knows?
But her cargo is safe where'er she be,
And her crew will tire of the lazy life,
And her prow will cut a course through the sea
Some day, I know, like a gleaming knife.
But, oh, as I patiently sit and wait,
It seems so long to me, so long
She lingers outside the harbor gate,
And her sailors list to the mermaid's song.
But ships come in, and I'll yet see her
In time that is long or time that is short;
Although, forsooth, she seems to prefer
The sunny isles to the grimy port.

CARL SMITH.

WAKE THEM UP!

THAT's what should be done with the kidneys when they grow sleepy. Their inaction precedes their disease. That capital diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, gives exactly the right impetus when they become sluggish. Use it and keep out of danger, for you are "in it" if your kidneys don't act. This medicine is also adapted to malarial and rheumatic ailments, want of vigor and irregularity of bowels, liver, and stomach.—[*Adv.*]

HOW DIGNITARIES WERE BROUGHT.

MAGNIFICENT TRAINS RUN OVER THE PENNSYLVANIA SYSTEM.

(*Chicago Herald, October 23d, 1892.*)

ONE of the most important and successful features in connection with the dedicatory exercises of the World's Fair grounds, and one which fully illustrates the wonderful progress which our country has made within the last half-century, was the movement made by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of the cabinet officers, the supreme court justices, and the diplomatic corps from Washington to this city and back. It required three special trains to perform this function, and Vice-President Frank Thomson, to whom the credit of the achievement is due, made requisition on the Pullman Palace Car Company for the finest equipment which those famous car builders could produce. The result was a triple section train such as has never before glided over the rails in any country. A crew of twenty-five persons, including stewards, cooks, waiters, porters, maids, electricians, and machinists, in addition to the usual quota of trainmen, was required to insure proper service. The outfit resembled in a somewhat lessened degree the personal equipment of an ocean greyhound, of which the trains were a duplication on land.

These trains were provided and tendered for the use of the distinguished guests of Chicago by Vice-President Thomson. They were run from Washington to Chicago as sections of the regular "Chicago Limited," of which they were duplicates, and they conformed to the regular schedule of that train. With the thorough organization of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and its splendid system, they came through the entire distance, on the special schedule time arranged for them, without accident or delay of any kind, and this in the face of an extraordinarily increased passenger traffic. The great line is in such excellent physical condition, so well protected by the safeguards of modern invention, and so perfectly managed by a corps of men who have been educated and trained under the eyes of its high officials, that a movement of this kind, extraordinary as it may appear to the public, was effected without interfering in any manner with the routine of everyday traffic.

It is safe to say that while no other country in the world would be able to move the entire organization of its government a distance of one thousand miles, so there is no other railroad company which could grapple with such a problem and solve it with the ease to the persons in interest and the credit to itself that has distinguished this achievement of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It reflects the utmost credit on Vice-President Thomson, who planned, and his associates, who executed, the brilliant feat of railroad transportation, and holds out a bright promise of equally successful work when the resources of this line will be drawn upon next year to furnish adequate transportation facilities to the hosts who will visit the world's greatest fair.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

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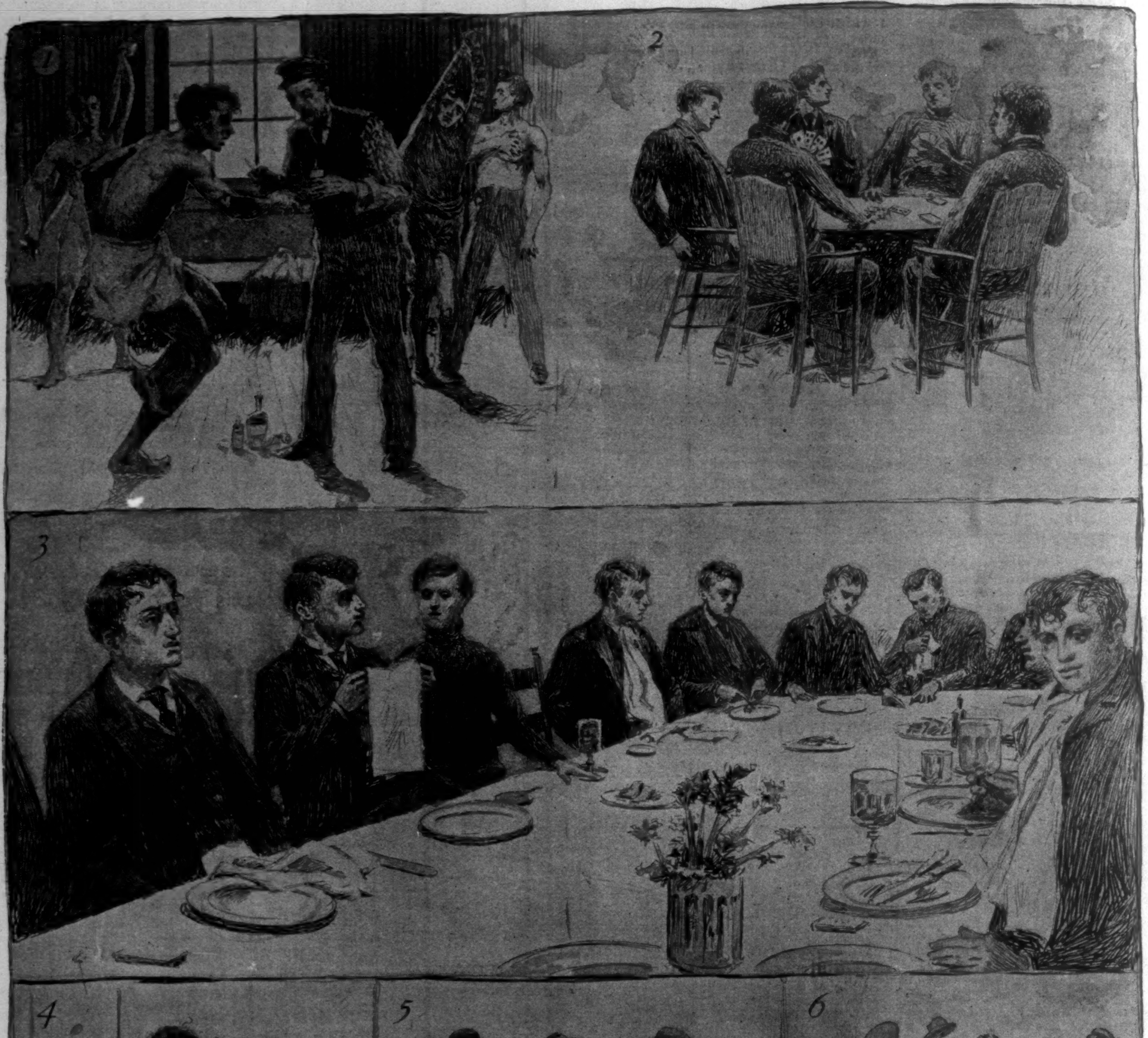

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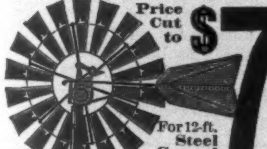

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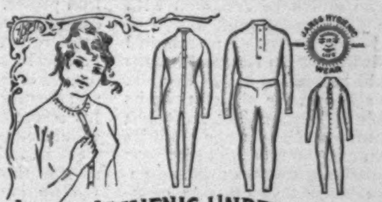

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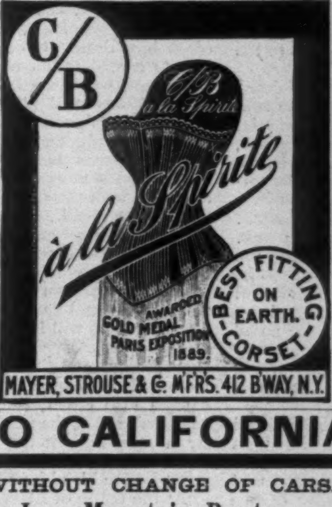
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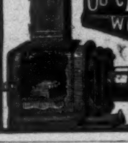

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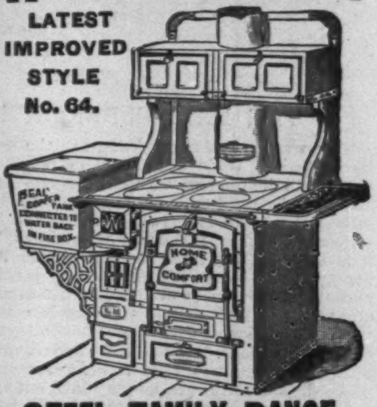
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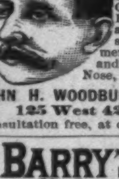

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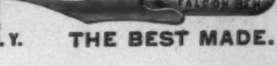

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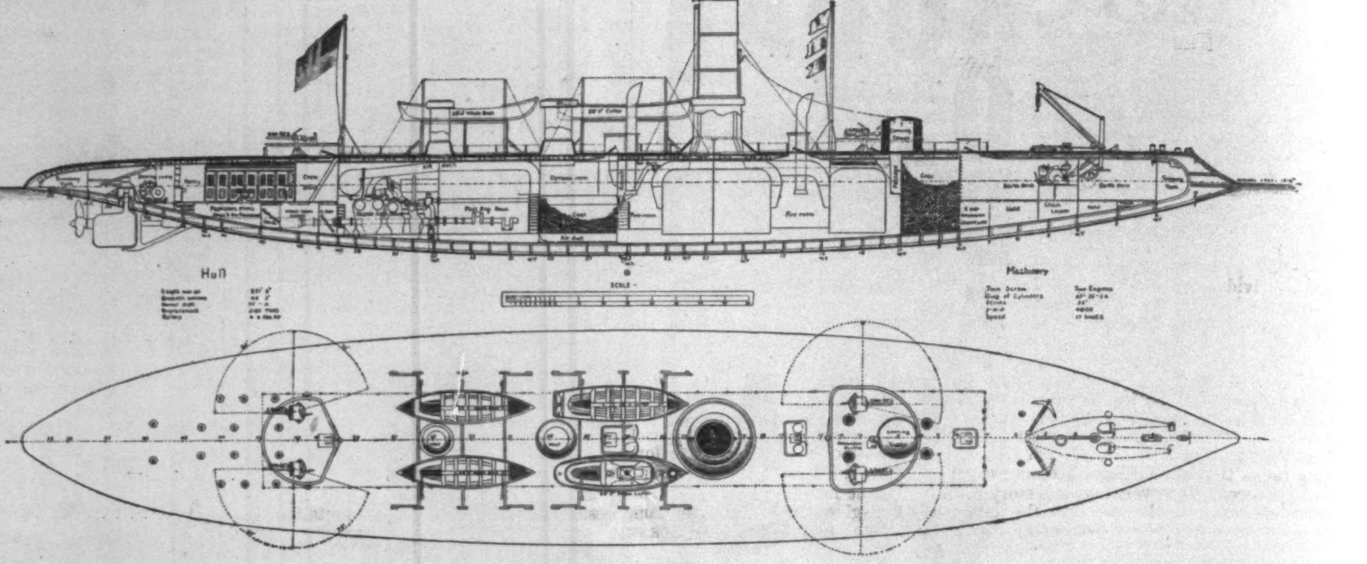

THE NEW HARBOR-DEFENCE RAM.

THE HARBOR-DEFENCE RAM.

The weapons of sea-fighting are the gun, the ram, and the torpedo. Wide differences of belief exist among experts as to the relative values of these instruments, and must always exist until the questions are settled by that next sea war of which we are always talking and hoping so much. Of course, cocksure theorists have as usual solved the problems off-hand, but more rational judgments go slower, and are apt to be made and fortified by special lines of study and by the vividness of individual temperaments and imaginations. We have had a few modern sea-fights in which the gun, the ram, or the torpedo has in turn asserted its controlling influence, but taken by and large, we have as yet no data sufficient to yield any fixed conclusions. Hence, while the cocksure theorist may turn out all right, and have the joy of posing as a prophet, this will be due more to his luck and audacity than to his serene logic.

The gun is usually called the sea-weapon, and is claimed by many authorities to bear the same relation to the ram and the torpedo as the battle-ship—the accepted essential of sea-fighting—bears to auxiliary coast defenders, cruisers, and torpedo and other minor boats. After the gun, its champions assert, come in due order the ram-torpedo or the torpedo-ram, or, if the gun man be a sceptical enthusiast, neither the ram nor torpedo in any possible combination. But the gun man is not allowed to have it all his own way. "Let us recall the fact," wrote Admiral Colomb, "that the serious part of a future naval attack does not appear to be the guns, but the rams." "The beak," declared Admiral Touchard, "is now the principal weapon in naval combats, the *ultima ratio* of maritime war." "Rams are the naval weapons to which I attach the chief importance. In my opinion," says Captain Pellew, "the aim of all manœuvring and preliminary practice with the gun should be to get a fair opportunity to ram."

Should the question be governed by age, the ram could claim precedence, for in the earliest days of fighting afloat it was employed as the main weapon. The tactical advantage sought was a battle-gage from which a vicious onset could be best delivered, and the vigorous butting of one galley into another often decided the fate of actions. When sails supplanted oars, and ships increased so much in size that muscular effort yielded to canvas and mechanical appliances, the value of ram attack diminished, and, finally, when vessels displaced triremes, and villanous saltpetre and stone and iron shot made impotent the twang of bows and the flight of arrows, the ram became obsolete. As the sailor's instinct in all days is for close action, sea officers, even in the sailing era, often tried to run down their adversaries, but this was mainly with the view of laying the enemy aboard and of sending over his netted bulwarks those shouting, shooting, hacking, hewing, and pistolling boarders, who have done so much for the practical and the picturesque side of sea-fighting. This substitution of man attack for bow energy was due to the fickleness of wind and current; for the evolution of ramming so much required the quickest eye, the nicest touch, and the deftest trick with helm and sails, that few captains cared to attempt it when at the critical moment they ran the risk of being raked. With the advent of steam came a return to old methods, for under its controllable energy a course could be laid and held, uncertainties be minimized, and an attack be delivered with some reasonable relation to the plan foredetermined.

Unfortunately the question is not altogether a technical one, for the reports of fatal collisions at sea have proved too often how deadly the ram could become as a war weapon. If this consideration were the sole one, the objectors to its use would be silenced, but their opposition does not touch the result of a well-directed blow so much as the possibilities of the weapon's control in action and the theories of its most effective employment. It is just here where experts separate, for it may be well to remember that fleets in battle order cannot alter their course and turn in any and every direction with the sole intention of ramming or of receiving a ramming attack. In duels between single ships it is different, for these can manœuvre more freely, and without destroying a coherent and wise plan of battle, be prepared to take up at once an individual attack or defense. And what a test such an engagement would be of the nerve, determination, and daring of the officer in command! In such a fight "there will be," wrote Captain Noel, "no prompting, no time to ask advice, no opportunity for further calculation than the eye and the other senses can command at the moment. The decision must be instantaneous and immediately carried into effect, the only encouragement being in the knowledge that the enemy's ship is commanded and guided by a man undergoing the same fearful test, and that the more determined sailor of the two, if sufficiently skilled, must secure his object."

At the battle of Lissa the story of the ram became a blue-water classic. Admiral Tegethoff in his report wrote modestly: "During the general combat the commanding officer of my flag-ship managed, within the space of an hour, to run aboard three Sardinian iron-clads, of which two sustained heavy damages and a third was run down and sunk." This last one was the *Re d'Italia*, a fine, well-formed, iron-plated steam-frigate, which by some mischance pocketed herself broadside and ahead of Tegethoff's flag-ship, the *Ferdinand Max*. The Austrian admiral grasped the situation, shouted down the voice-tube, "Full speed ahead!" and then charged. The *Re d'Italia* received the blow on her unarmored under-water body, shivered, heeled over 45 degrees, and as the *Ferdinand Max* backed out of the roaring chasm, "full speed astern," the Italian slowly righted, then swayed and staggered, and like a plummet went to the bottom with scores of as gallant officers and men as ever traced a chart or swung an ardent wheel. The speed of the Austrian was probably under ten knots, but such was the energy exerted that this blow, at a low estimate, was equal to 16,000 tons acting through a distance of one foot.

After Lissa the sea world became daft for a period upon iron prows. In this country the weapon had earnest advocates always, but *facile princeps* is Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen (retired), to whose faith and perseverance we owe the first real harbor-defence ram ever entered upon the naval list. For years he insisted upon the value of the weapon, and despite discouragement and denials, stuck valorously to his essential principle that a marine ram, to be effective, should embody the idea of a "*striking* force" as the single element to be employed. To develop this he asked as early as 1881 that the structure should be given great speed and facility of manœuvring, great strength of construction, a pilot-house capable of resisting any known projectile, and a hull impenetrable by missiles of a powerful character. When his views finally found acceptance, a ram was in 1891 laid down, though on a modified form, for while at first it was determined that the vessel should depend for offensive power upon the ram alone, it was decided subsequently to give her a light battery of rapid-fire guns. Technical details are always terrifying to the layman, but it may be said briefly that she is an all-steel construction, the deck and side armor being from 2½ to 6 inches thick, with 6 inches of inclined plates about the smoke-pipes and ventilators; the conning-tower is 18 inches thick, and all hatches through the armored deck have battle-plates. In action she will be submerged to fighting trim by means of Kingston valves, one being fitted to each of the 14 transverse water-tight compartments of her double bottom. Her dimensions are, 251 feet length, 43½ feet breadth, and 2100 tons displacement, and with indicated horse-power of 4800 she is expected to develop a trial speed of 17 knots. She is provided with a removable steel ram-head, accurately fitted to the stem, and her manœuvring powers are necessarily of an exceptional character. She will be launched in a few days from the yard of the Bath Iron-Works, and so well has she been thought out, and so thoroughly has she been built, that should the emergency arise we may be sure that her performances will justify the faith and experience of the gallant officer who made her possible.

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AMATEVR · SPORT

The Yale-Harvard game at Springfield next Saturday will result in either a Waterloo for Harvard or a surprise for Yale, and no man who has followed the two teams closely all this season can say truly which it will be. One may speculate to great length on the outcome in either direction, but to my way of looking at it Yale will run up a big score or be held down to a closer struggle than she had last year. There is no room for a happy medium. Harvard's game will be either very good or very bad, and it is impossible to say which until the men are actually at work on Hampdon Park.

Harvard seems always to be an uncertain quantity, and with magnificent individual material just falls short of the "something" to make her crews and elevens winners, and that "something" is the proper handling of her teams from the very *beginning*.

The idea appears to prevail at Cambridge that a crew or an eleven left to itself practically until the eleventh hour can be put in winning form by coachers during the last couple of weeks before the supreme contest. The invariable result is that the coachers find all their time taken up in eradicating faults that should have been corrected in the early days of practice. However, that is a story for another time, and in this instance only leads up to the statement that now, at this writing, just one week before the Yale game, the Harvard coachers are striving to perfect the team in work that should have been drilled into them the first weeks of October. It presents a curious anomaly—an eleven on which only one or two are not veterans, and some of them stars of the first magnitude, going back to first principles in the last days of practice.

Here is food for serious reflection among those interested in Harvard's athletic future.

This is why it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty just what the Harvard team will do on the 19th. The game played against the Boston Athletic Association on election day was so miserable that one could not believe, without seeing it, a team on which were men like Hallowell, Newell, Upton, Waters, Emmons, Lake, Trafford, Corbett, and Lewis could play such rank football even if they tried. A self-respecting "scrub" that had put up such a game as did the Harvard 'varsity on that occasion would have been ashamed to turn up at practice the following day. Some wiseacres have declared that Harvard has been following Yale's example in being "foxy," but a coach with any football or even common sense would hardly make the great mistake of permitting his team to play so loosely.

Harvard has been playing poor football because, as a team, she could play no better; of that fact there is no doubt. The question now is, whether her coachers will be able in the short time left them to pull the eleven into some kind of form. One of the chief causes of Harvard's play being so weak has been the want of unison in the men back of the line, and the total lack of harmony between them and the forwards; they all worked hard enough, but absolutely threw away their strength. They will be vigorously coached on these points, and they need quite as much on their tackling, which has not been good at any time this season.

In fact, they need so much coaching, and the time is so short, that it seems almost impossible for them to reach the desired form; the one cause for hope is that the men, individually, know plenty of football, added to which is the fact that up to the time of our going to press there had been considerable improvement. If they succeed in making such a defensive line as they put up in the game against the Chicago Athletic Club, and certainly there is no reason why they should not again acquire it, there will be something substantial for encouragement. A line like that on the defensive, and backs such as Gray, Brewer, and Lake, when Harvard has the ball, ought to arouse some enthusiasm on the crimson side of the field at Springfield.

If everything goes well and Trafford keeps his head, Harvard should make Yale a harder fight than she did last year. Then there was no interference at all for the backs, and the tackling was wretched. This year there is some interference—not a great deal, to be sure—and the tackling promises better. Harvard's interference will probably not be good enough to make any steady gains around the ends, and I look therefore for some hole in the line like that of last year, when Lake got clean through, and might have done something if there had been any interference to aid him. Harvard has men in her forwards who are capable of making big holes, and if Brewer is given assistance he ought to go through for many a yard.

Unless something unforeseen happens, the teams will very probably line up: Yale—Stillman, centre; Sanford (whose injured ankle will be all right) and Hickox, guards; Winter and Wallis, tackles; Hinkey and Greenway, ends; McCormick, quarter; L. Bliss, Graves, and Butterworth, backs. Harvard—Lewis, centre; Mackie and Waters, guards; Upton and Newell, tackles; Emmons and Hallowell, ends; Trafford, quarter; Gray, Lake, and Brewer, backs.

Captain McCormick has shown his wisdom in clinging persistently to Stillman for a centre, despite some very ragged work on the latter's part at times. In the Pennsylvania game on Saturday Stillman's work proved him to be anything but the weak novice he was not long ago. Corbin has made him anew, and to-day he is good enough to keep Lewis more than busy. It can be said at once that the Yale's reported "weak centre" is a myth. It may seem weak to Yale's carefully coached reporters, because the tackles and ends are so strong, or because they are accustomed to Corbins and Heffelfingers, but it is not weak, nevertheless, and Harvard need not so delude herself. Hickox, Stillman, and Sanford are not ideals either collectively or singularly, perhaps, but they will make a good strong every-day working centre. Wheeler and Waters may very likely get through it, but that will be because of their exceptional strength, and not of its weakness.

There will be a great struggle at both tackles, where Upton and Winter and Newell and Wallis will face one another; these are all veterans, and have met in the great battle before. Yale is particularly strong in these positions, for both Winter and Wallis are ground-gainers, and the former is in about all the interference plays of the game. Neither Upton nor Newell runs with the ball, but they are both into every play, and should be able to hold their opponents.

I should call it a toss up between Stillman and Lewis, for whatever superior skill the latter has is likely to be evened up by the former's additional twenty pounds, though he is much livelier on his feet, and usually gets into every play. Waters will likely be a little too good for Hickox, and Sanford will have something of an advantage over Mackie, notwithstanding the latter's weight. The Yale guard is very strong and very lively on his feet, and Mackie is rather slow and does not use his head; his best use is in push plays, where his great strength is useful.

Hallowell and Hinkey on the end will have a battle royal. Last year the Yale man was too much for his opponent, but Hallowell's experience of one game against Hinkey will, of course, be of great advantage, and the chances are he will give a better account of himself. He gets down field on a kick very quickly. Emmons, the other Harvard end, will be about a match for Greenway, Armstrong, Norton, or any other man Yale puts at the right end. He does not get down field on a kick so quickly as Hallowell or Hinkey, but his tackling has improved greatly over last year.

At quarter Yale will outweigh Harvard. McCormick has the build for a quarter, and he is one of the best we have ever had. His passing is not so clever as Beecher's or Dean's, but none of them were more useful to the team. He is in every play, and extremely lively on his feet; there is not likely to be any fluke touch-down made through him. Trafford is not built for a quarter. He is too slow on his feet, but he has improved considerably in his passing. He does not give the runner the same assistance as McCormick, though he is a safe, sure tackler.

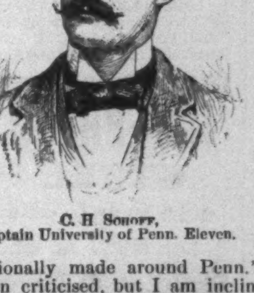
In kicking, Yale will have much the advantage of Harvard, as all her backs can punt, and a couple of them drop goals from the field—Graves and McCormick. In running with the ball Brewer and Gray are very clever. Their work does not show up like that of the Yale backs, as they do not have such interference, but both are speedy and full of grit. Lake has no equal for brilliant ground gaining, and if he gets any help at all he will be able to do something for Harvard this year.

In case any of these backs are laid up, Yale has a plentiful supply, including Hamlin and Dyer, both good, while Harvard would draw on Corbett or Lee. Of the last two, the former's stomach muscles have been strained, and the latter's ankle is in bad condition. Gage is another back in case of an emergency. Harvard would be badly off for substitutes in the line, Collamore, Foster, and Mason being outclassed, and Action laid up. Yale is better off in that respect, having first-class men for about every position. Each team has a good substitute quarter in Adee, Yale, and Fairchild, Harvard.

There is likely to be considerable kicking in the game, but Yale will be fooled if counting on the Harvard backs to muff, for Brewer and Gray are both sure catchers. Harvard will also be fooled if, taking Yale's game against Pennsylvania as a line, she fancies the New Haven men have evolved no centre plays. They did not show any last Saturday, but they probably have several big ones up their sleeve. The one weakness Yale has shown this season has been fumbling, and if she does as much at Springfield as in every game played up to date, it is likely to result in Harvard getting very close to her goal, and if the crimson is permitted to get anything like as near that line as Pennsylvania did last Saturday, she is almost sure to score with one of her "push" plays. There is much mystery on both sides concerning tricks, and I am prepared to see the unexpected happen, but no trick not backed up by good football by the whole team is likely to connect.

The umpire must keep his eyes wide open and his wits about him, for he will need both on the interference plays. There is growing to be too much use of the hands. I noticed on Saturday several times a Yale interferer push an opponent out of the way with his hands. Interference plays must be held down rigidly, else they will hurt the game. I hope also to see less holding in the line than there was last year.

Although the result of the Penn.-Princeton game (6–4) was a surprise, it was inevitable, for the former outplayed the latter at nearly every point. Penn.'s strength consisted in having a veteran rush-line of strong willing men, who literally snowed their opponents under, and gave Knipe and Camp a chance to do good work. Adams and Balliett at centre were about equal, and Trenchard and Lea were nearly if not quite up to their opposites, but the other four Penn. line men were easily superior. It was because of being so outclassed in the line that the brilliant running and dodging of King and Poe availed little. Time and again the Princeton captain, in attempting an end run, was forced back five yards, and it was this fact probably which made him stick to centre bucking, even when runs were occasionally made around Penn.'s ends. For this he has been criticised, but I am inclined to believe any captain would have found it a puzzling matter. I put little faith in the story that Penn. knew Princeton's signals, but undoubtedly the Princeton-Chicago game the previous Wednesday was a decided advantage to Penn., as they saw their rival's weakness, and played for it. It gave them heart, and they wore the air of victors before the game was ten minutes old.



C. H Schoff,
Captain University of Penn. Eleven.

The strong wind which prevented Homans kicking even when on his own goal line increased this confidence and proportionately discouraged Princeton. Pennsylvania played the usual variety of plays, and all with spirit and dash and a good amount of team-work. Their end plays and wedges were particularly well worked up, and proved entirely too much for Princeton's guards and left end of the line. Thayer's kicking was good, but very slow, and it seemed to be Princeton's indecision after breaking through that prevented them from stopping several kicks.

Individually Schoff, Simmons, Mackie, Knipe, and Adams did especially good work, though indeed every man did well, and the interference and tackling of Vail at quarter was of a high order.

Princeton showed the average plays, but seemed to have no tactics to fall back on when straight football failed. King ran hard and low, and bucked the centre for all he was worth, but often failed of his distance because he had no help and would find no hole in the line. The interference of Princeton was worthless, for they scattered and were content to *bump* a man, it never occurring to them to knock him down.

Princeton's play, in fact, was very ragged, the team-work being ineffectual, the blocking weak, and the tackling uncertain and gentle. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the loss of Wheeler, Vincent, and Holly weakened the line, and had a demoralizing influence, so that when Pennsylvania struck her gait King was unable to rally the green men up to the proper pitch.

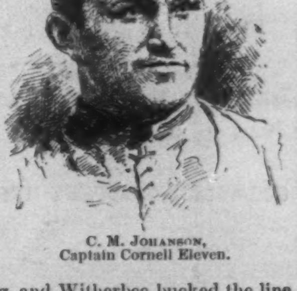
This is not written to excuse Princeton's defeat. The game was won and lost entirely on its merits. Pennsylvania played much better football than Princeton, and has every reason to be proud of the victory. They have been steadily advancing in the game the past three years, and this season had better coaching than ever before. Previous to this year they had never even scored against Princeton, and to have beaten that college is certainly honor enough in one year for Captain Schoff and coach Woodruff.

Pennsylvania's showing against Yale (score 28–0) was enough better than it was last year to prove that the U of P. is growing stronger annually. But whether the reputation gained in defeating Princeton had been too much for them or the Yale name too awe-inspiring, their game the first half was not up to what we had expected. The most noticeable failing was the extreme slowness in taking advantage of the play. Yale set the machine at work in earnest the first forty-five minutes, and hammered out 22 points, and Pennsylvania could do nothing with her interference. Only one centre play was tried by Yale, and that for a respectable gain, while the U. of P. failed on nearly every attempt to find any hole in the same place. The two centre trios were about evenly matched, notwithstanding the greater experience of Pennsylvania's three, but the Yale tackles were too much for their opponents. Schoff played a beautiful game at end while he lasted, and Camp and Thayer both distinguished themselves behind the line. Thayer made several good gains around Hinkey. Knipe did not play up to his reputation, in fact he, Mackey, and Schoff were injured and laid off. Yale took it easy the second half, and at one time Penn. had the ball on their 5-yard line, where they lost it on 4 downs. L. Bliss made a 90-yard run, one of the prettiest ever seen, and both he and his brother made several other brilliant gains. The Penn. team showed it knew football, but it is not in Yale's class yet, nor did it reach its Manheim form when it beat Princeton.

Some very vigorous coaching will be given the Princeton men between now and Thanksgiving day, and they need it badly. The team is not now playing as good football as it was last year at this time; it gave great promise the last of October, but the men appear to have become convinced that they were about as good as "they make 'em," and settled down with that comforting assurance. In no other way can their failure to perfect themselves in the very rudiments of the game be explained. The poor work of the interferers, nine times out of ten consisting of a harmless amble down the field, occasionally bumping into one of the opposing tacklers instead of knocking him over, and the failure to protect the full back when the ball is passed to him for a kick—the wretched weakness of these two first principles is absolutely fatal. These and the tackling I have been writing on all season until it has become "standing matter" in the Harper's Weekly composing-room. Johnny Poe is one of the very few who seem to know how to tackle; most of the others *fall* on the runner, and are dragged along for anywhere from five to ten yards. The defeat by Pennsylvania will show of what "stuff" the men are made. If it is of the kind that makes football players, we may yet see a close exciting game with Yale; if it is not, the score will rival that of 1890.

The cancelling of the game with Cornell has been a bitter disappointment to every one, including the Princeton team, but, taking a broad view of the matter, it appears to have been a wise step. If Princeton put in substitutes against Cornell, the game would be very tame, and the result unfair to both; hence it becomes a question whether Princeton shall walk up blindly to the slaughter twice, or nurse her cripples to make one desperate battle against Yale, which is the one game that shapes her football destiny.

Cornell's showing against Harvard (14–20) was another of the season's surprises. Nor was Harvard the substitute team the papers made out. The regular centre was there—Lewis, Mackie, and Waters; the tackles have been considered 'varsity material—Upton and Mason; the regular left end, Emmons, was in his place; Trafford, Corbett, Brewer, Lee, were all behind the line. The playing of Cornell was snappy and vigorous, and in marked contrast to the work of Harvard, in whose territory the ball remained a very considerable part of the time. The Cornell line held Harvard well, and the ball went to the Ithaca men on four downs a great many more times than they were forced to give it up. Cornell has little or no interference. Her backs did most of their ground-gaining unaided. Osgood's running was exceedingly clever and strong, and Witherbee bucked the line hard, as did also Johanson, the captain and left tackle. These were the stars and the only ones to run with the ball, though one or two of the forwards, especially Hanson, got into many of the plays. The point most open to criticism was the extreme slowness in getting the ball to the runner and his getting off. Time and again it seemed as though active forwards could easily have been on the runner before he hit the line. This and the tackling, which was too high, were the chief failings. The team is a strong one, and has made great improvement since last year. Considering they are obliged to work out their own salvation, their advance is remarkable.



C. M. Johanson,
Captain Cornell Eleven.

Caspar W. Whitney.

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